

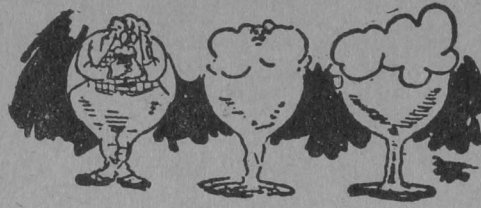
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F. J. Heupman

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**DRINK
EDMONTON
BEER**



"THE BEST IN THE WEST."

Edmonton of To-Day.



HIS Christmas edition of the Saturday News is issued with a specific purpose. The season is one at which we delight to renew the ties of family and of friendship. If we cannot do this in person, we gain not a little pleasure and satisfaction out of an exchange of greetings, even though this takes place over an intervening space of many thousands of miles. But the mere wishing of the compliments of the season appears insufficient to most of us. We desire to let those from whom we are sundered by long distances know something of what is home to us now. Go where you will throughout the great central plain of Canada, you will find no community, however unpretentious, whose citizens will not point with pride to its development and prospects. What a recent visitor to Edmonton aptly described as the west's "magnificent optimism" is shared by all. But if this is true of the people of the smallest hamlets, is it surprising that among those of a city like Edmonton, which in the past five years has developed at a rate, seldom if ever equalled in the history of the continent, and for which the next five years should hold much more in store than those just gone by have brought to us, there should be manifested a spirit of civic enthusiasm, the genuineness of which is attested to by the desire of all who share it to impart it to others. The Saturday News is therefore publishing this special Edmonton number and making it as creditable a production, both from a literary and typographical standpoint, as is possible, in the belief that it will meet a distinct public need.

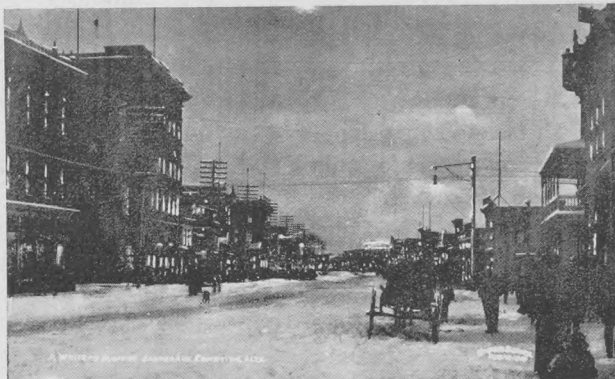
On other pages, those who knew Edmonton in the early days tell of the romance of its past. But

fascinating as their story is, it is in its present and future that the great attraction of the city lies.

* * *

With the party of Canadian manufacturers which visited the west this autumn were some of the keenest and most farsighted business men that the Dominion possesses. They were not off on a mere pleasure jaunt. Most of them recognized that the day could not long be delayed when they would have to establish branch industries of their own in this part of Canada and at each place they made a stop they investigated its possibilities as a business centre. When the train moved on they discussed what

they had seen and the conclusions that they had arrived at. Accompanying the party was Mr. F. A. Acland, the western representative of the Toronto Globe, and, as was natural, he closely noted the opinions expressed. In his final letter on the trip to his paper he tells us that in its closing hours, the manufacturers passed in review what they had seen and that while cer-



Jasper Avenue by Moonlight

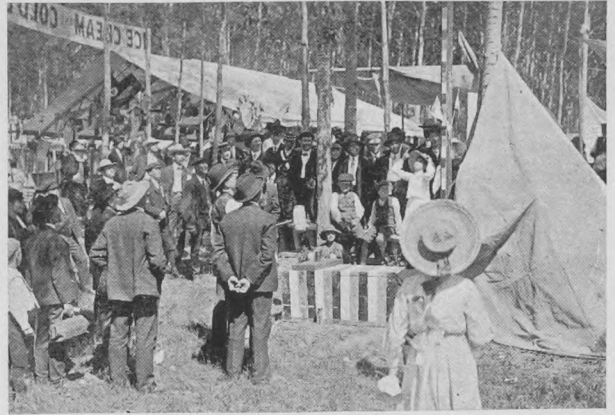
tain that many large centres would rise in the west, they were agreed that the four which would stand out beyond all others were Fort William, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. Prince Rupert, of course, cannot be considered just at present but it will in all probability develop into a fifth.

The verdict thus rendered in respect to Edmonton by the manufacturers coincides with that of hundreds of others, who have visited the west and noted the evidences of future greatness that the various centres have to show. It is said that it has been advertised abroad as no other Canadian city has been. This is strictly true. But while all credit is due to the energetic secretary of the Board of Trade for the

publicity work which he has carried on, the great bulk of the advertising that we have received has come of its own accord. It has been carried on voluntarily by men and women who have come to western Canada in search of information and who have on visiting Edmonton been so impressed by what must unquestionably be in store for it, that they have considered it well worth their while to acquaint others with what had been brought to their notice. In some cases our friends have been those whose influence was confined to a few relatives or comrades but each has had an effect. In many instances, however, Edmonton's claims to distinction have been proclaimed by men who had a world-wide hearing. Of these might be cited Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent English jurist, who told the readers of the Fortnightly Review some months since that Edmonton was a place of which much had been heard in recent times but of which a great deal more would be heard in the years to come.

* * *

What is there to create a great city at this point on the banks of the North Saskatchewan? That there must be something even the casual observer must conclude, when he learns that a population of about 9000 was attained before a railway had brought it into direct connection with the outside world and that at the present time, a year after that railway connection was secured, there are at least 12,000 people on this side of the river, with 3000 more on the south bank. When the tremendous disadvantages under which Edmonton has had to labor up till the present are considered, its growth appears as nothing short of marvellous. If under the conditions from which it has just been relieved, it made this progress, what may not be expected of it when three transcontinental lines, the G. T. P., the C. N. R. and the northwestern line of the C. P. R. centre here and send their branch lines out in a dozen different directions, as will be the case within a very short while, with the very strong possibility that a fourth,



Midway at the Exhibition

the Great Northern, will enter a little later. But not only will these three first roads afford the city traffic accommodation such as has been sadly lacking in the past but will establish here, two on one side of the river and the third on the other, their principal divisional points and shops between Winnipeg and the coast. Within five years the railway population alone in what is hoped, with the opening up of high level communication, will be by that time one municipality, should number well up into the thousands.

While the thorough student of economic conditions when he desires to determine the prospects of an established centre conducts an independent investigation, the majority are more apt to be guided by the example of those who are known to have special facilities for obtaining information. The fact that a corporation like the C. P. R. undertakes the construction of a bridge that will cost about a million and a half dollars for the sake of securing the trade of Edmonton, will do more to convince the average man as to the city's future commercial greatness than the most elaborate statistics regarding the natural resources of the country subservient to it. The actions of the various banking institutions have a similar effect. It was only fifteen years ago that the first chartered bank was established in Edmonton. At the time of writing twelve are doing business and there is a possibility that by the time this number goes to press two more will have opened up. A year ago there were six. These banks would not crowd into the city if the directors were not convinced that in a short time there would be plenty of business here for them all to conduct operations profitably.

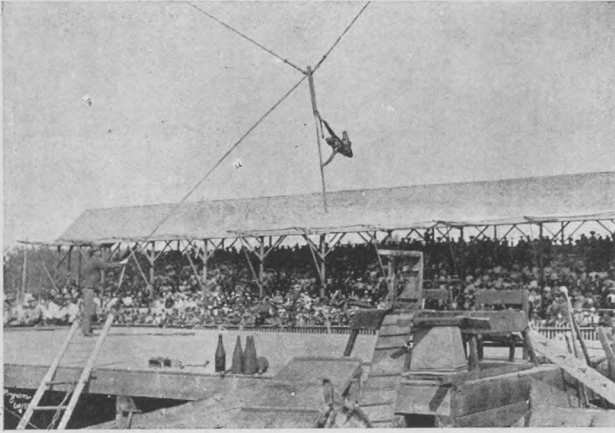
The country about Edmonton was recently described by a leading Scotchman who had visited it as the most remarkable that had ever come under his notice, in that it was what he designated as "double-decked." In Scotland, the land that is rich in minerals is useless for agricultural purposes but in this part of the west the very finest farming land is rich in coal and it may be other mineral deposits. The soil is marvellously fertile. In 1905 the average yield



Ferry by Moon Light

Saturday News Christmas Number

of spring wheat throughout the Edmonton district was 24.57 bushels per acre and that of winter wheat 25.89. The success of men like Mr. Thomas Daly of Clover Bar at various world's fairs shows unquestionably that the finest oats the world over are grown in this vicinity. All kinds of vegetables are grown successfully and with government encouragement dairying is taking a remarkable hold. Generally speaking, it is an ideal country for mixed farming. One of the difficulties that Albertan agriculture has had to con-



McPhee on Swinging Pole during Exhibition

tend with in the past has been in regard to markets. The long haul to the Atlantic coast has stood in the way of a highly profitable export business. But a movement has been commenced within the past year which will change all this. A demand for our grain has arisen in the Orient and companies have been organized to supply it. China and Japan will take all the wheat and flour that we can send them and in respect to their trade the province is in a very much more favorable position than Manitoba is to that of Europe. With the construction of the G. T. P. through to Prince Rupert, Edmonton will be much closer to the Orient than any other inland city.

That many tall chimneys will before long rear their ugly but welcome forms within our limits goes without saying. In and all around the city are to be found vast lignite coal supplies and such other varieties as are necessary can be found in the mountains directly to the westward. The geological survey is making it plain that along the whole of this boundary of the province, the richest and most varied coal deposits exist. With other raw materials easily accessible to the north and west and an immense

market right at our doors that eastern firms are now leaping over one another to secure, manufacturing on a large scale is bound to be an early development.

Apart from manufacturing, mining is already showing marked progress. Shafts are being sunk within the city limits and immediately adjoining them and shipments are being made down the C. N. R. line as far as Winnipeg. Edmonton coal has already undergone a favorable test for railway purposes and it is not an improbability that it will be in use by all the different lines which will shortly centre here. There can be no better indication of the possibilities of this branch of industry than the fact that within the last few months no less prominent and farsighted a man than Alexander Macdonald, "the King of the Klondike," the heaviest gold exporter from the Yukon, has become interested in Edmonton mining property and will spend a large part of his time here in looking after it.

When it comes to enumerating the various sources of Edmonton's economic strength, the task is no slight one, for it is doubtful if ever a city was so blessed by nature with so many things that make for prosperity. The fur-trade, on which it was for a century almost wholly dependent, is still of large proportions. Eight fur-buyers are doing business here and many hundreds of thousands dollars worth of fur are purchased by them. Edmonton is "town" to people living two thousand miles to the north. The richness of that vast country, now given over to fur-trading, will some day prove a most startling revelation. All of it is now and will continue to be tributary to Edmonton. There are immense tracts of fine



The Book-Makers' Paddock.

agricultural land three and four hundred miles to the north, as well as timber and mineral wealth that will cause the world to open its eyes in wonder. Its development only awaits the entrance of railways and these will not long be delayed.

Three large sawmills are doing business on the

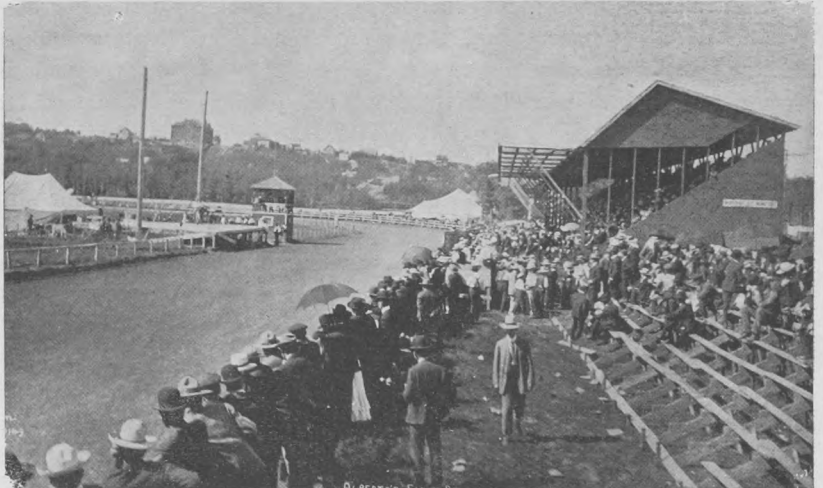
river bank, the timber being brought from limits up stream, and a fourth will be built next year. Among them several hundred hands are employed and with the growth of the city and country the prospects for a large development are excellent.

And then there are our fisheries. When we reach this item in enumerating the sources of our confidence in the city's growth, the visitor's eyes have been fairly well opened and he doubtfully exclaims: "Fish, where do they come from?" They certainly exist and in large quantities in the various lakes about Edmonton and last winter Chicago and Detroit consumed many carloads of the catch.

But this does not pretend to be an exhaustive survey of all the sources of wealth that must contribute to Edmonton's upbuilding. Enough has been said to justify the high hopes which its citizens entertain. With so much natural riches close at hand and such facilities for its development available, it is apparent that it must become a great manufacturing and mercantile centre. An excellent start has already been made but great as the progress of recent years has been, it is necessarily small compared with what we may look for in the near future.

* * *

Its commercial and industrial preeminence is assured. But it has attractions quite apart from this. It possesses what competent judges have described as the finest site of any city in America. In beauty, Sir Gilbert Parker has observed, there is only one other to compare with it, that of the ancient capital of the Dominion. "A second Quebec" is in fact a phrase which has often been applied to it. And its citizens are likely to take full advantage of

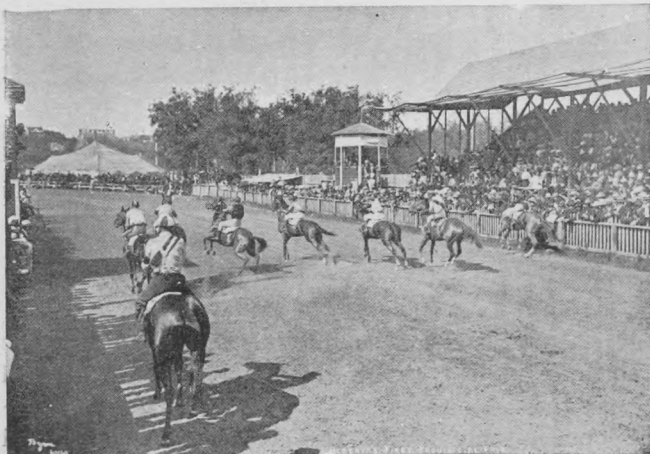


The Grand Stand

the magnificence of its situation. An experienced landscape architect has been employed to devise a scheme for its beautification. The drive along the high banks on each side of the Saskatchewan presents a succession of panoramic views, which never fail to elicit expressions of surprised admiration from the stranger and which never cease to delight those whose privilege it is to live amid these charming surroundings. It is proposed to maintain a riverside driveway in each direction from the city for several miles and to carry out a general plan of parks and parkways which very few municipalities ever begin to think of till their population has grown into the hundreds of thousands, and the undertaking becomes accordingly a more expensive one. But Edmonton is conscious of what lies before her and it is to her credit that her policy in nearly everything is being framed with an eye to the future rather than to the present.

A few weeks ago the contract was let for the paving with bitulithic and with carbolinum block of about two miles of her business streets. Jasper avenue, her main thoroughfare, was laid out with a width of a hundred feet. When this paving contract is completed, it will be one of the handsomest business streets in the Dominion. All the overhanging signs have been removed. All the telegraph and telephone poles will be taken down. Handsome iron trolley poles, surmounted with electric lights, will be placed in the middle of the street, with street car rails on each side. At the end of the pavement on Ninth street a wide boulevard will be constructed leading down to the site of the parliament buildings, construction on which will be commenced in the spring, and open up direct communication with the river parkway being designed.

Many of the business buildings already erected are of a character which one looks for in a metropolis, not in a place which twenty years ago was a lonely trading post. The substantiality of the banking



Mile Dash at the Exhibition

houses demonstrates anew the confidence which the heads of these institutions have in the future of Edmonton. The Imperial Bank, now in course of erection at a cost of \$100,000, will be the finest structure of its kind west of Winnipeg.

Apart from the parliament buildings, which promise to be of rare beauty, many other public works will be undertaken within the next year or so. Tenders are being called for this month for the post-office, one block off Jasper, on McDougall street. A short distance further on, the court house will be placed, with a city hall likely to soon follow in between. At present only the Canadian Northern has a station in Edmonton. If the union station project is carried out and the C. N. R., the C. P. R. and the G. T. P. join hands, very extensive accommodation will be found necessary. With all these public undertakings afoot, in addition to the multitude of those for which individuals are responsible, with the Grand Trunk Pacific reaching our gates next summer, with the Canadian Pacific spending a million and a half dollars on a high level bridge in order to secure entrance, it is not difficult to understand what a season of activity lies before us and how much out-of-date, with all the changes that are impending, the views of Edmonton which are presented in this special number will be two years hence.

* * *

To live in the midst of all this development, to see the work of nation-building carried on before our eyes with an energy and intelligence which would be hard to equal, to be associated with so many men who are laying the foundations of enterprises, which will play a large part in the future of this, the wealthiest and most attractive part of the whole Dominion, is an inestimable privilege. We are proud of our city and of the province, of which it is now the political and of which it will be, without the shadow of a doubt, the commercial capital. With a glorious climate, with unrivalled situation, with matchless resources, with wide-awake citizens, what can retard its progress? The loyalty of its people is a city's best asset and this Edmonton possesses in an unusual degree. Among old-timer and newcomer alike, it inspires a rare devotion. To our civic ship of state we may apply the lines of a great American :

In spite of rock and tempest's power

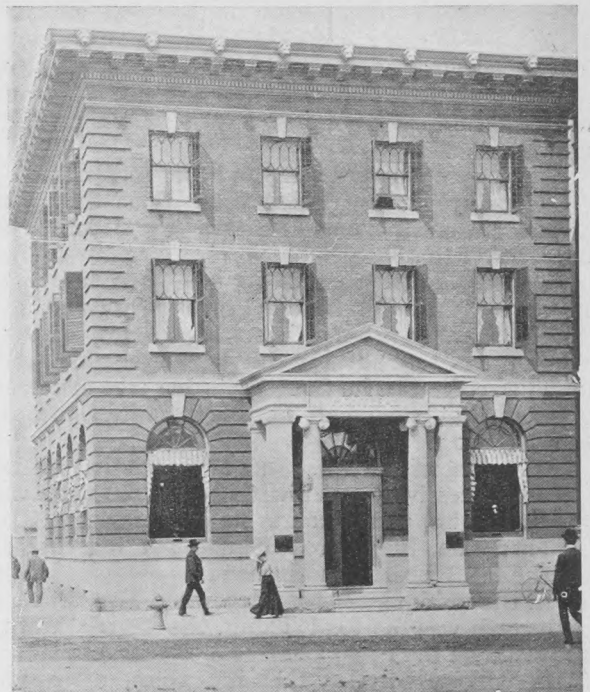
In spite of false lights on the shore
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea

Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee
Our hearts, our hopes, our joys, our tears

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee, are all with thee !

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A Modern Version Of Maud Muller

George Ade is keeping up his reputation as the distinctive American humorist of the day. One of the best of his contributions to the periodical press is that in which he moralizes on the story of Maud Muller, furnishing a shopworn specimen of sentimental narrative done over, retrimmed and made into a 1907 model."

A half century ago, Mr. Ade concludes, when married people got in wrong and found that they were up against it, their only relief was to sit around and gaze into the fire, and dream of what "Might have been."

They were simply Stung and that settled it.

Nowadays when Folks find that they have miscued the matrimonial venture they turn their troubles over to a lawyer.

In the revised version Maude goes into court and proves that her husband invariably wears a red necktie, thereby giving her many hours of acute suffering, and that she can no longer remain under the same roof. So the Court sets her free and enters an order that she shall not be permitted to marry again for two weeks.

In the meantime, the Judge proves that his wife has been excessively cruel in that she does not always agree with him, and of course he gets his decree.

Then the Judge and Maude get together and take the tall Hurdle hand in hand.

In the antiquated romance when Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth was the Real Thing, the marriage of the two would be the Final Chapter.

It will be recalled that the Hero, after four-flushing and backing up and walking sideways through 300 pages of long conversations and weather reports, finally came to 'Taw.

He found her at the Conservatory or else at the rustic bench beneath the hawthorn tree with a distant view of the Manor House—the very spot on which they first met, the morning after Sir Guy was found murdered in the library.

Usually he would sneak from behind and lean over—then she, the startled little Cry—then he, "Agnes, I love you, I love you, I love you"—business of Clinching—quick curtain.

Such was the Happy Wind-up. But it will no longer do

It was once supposed that after the two went strolling back under the elms, holding hands, there was nothing more to be told. But the modern problem novel usually begins with the wedding march.

The Judge, following the example of the average Central Character in the absorbing Story of Today, permits his lust for gold and power to lead him into the sinuous byways of financial crookedness. In other words he becomes the Director of an Industrial Corporation, and about the same time both of the great political parties begin building a gallows for him.

Maude is tempted by the glitter of High Life.

She learns to dally with Bridge Whist at ten dollars a throw. She gets in with the set that plays tag with the Ten Commandments and eats a light breakfast consisting of grape fruit and a couple of Martinis about three o'clock in the afternoon.

In fact, Maude begins hitting the most elevated spots.

There is no reason why she shouldn't calm down and behave herself, but for some reason the plain \$14 a week mortals who live in suburban flats like to have their Fiction served with paprika dressing, and so the poor Society Leader has to govern herself accordingly.

Maude gets to be an Awful Thing.

She is a night owl and becomes well acquainted with nearly all of the club rowdies in the world except her own husband.

At last, in order to keep up the Pace, she begins to flirt with the Dope. Whenever anything happens to worry her, she simply gets out her Light Artillery and gives herself a Shot that blows the ribbons out of her hair. Then in a few minutes she is picking grapes and watching the Northern Lights.

Things go on from bad to worse until Maude, fooling with the Hypo one day gets an overdose and the Judge threatened with exposure, jumps off of Brooklyn Bridge.

The moral of the whole complicated story of Maude and the Judge is that all self-respecting Souls should remain Poor and keep away from Drawing Rooms where the Best Families are wont to congregate

It is a good thing for Maude Muller that she wandered into the field of Romantic Fiction at a time when all she had to do was to rake the hay.

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Presence of Mind

Eugene Cowles saved two women bathers from drowning last summer in Lake Memphremagog. In making this rescue Mr. Cowles bruised his arm—it struck a rock as he dived in. Pointing to the scar the actor said: "When I got that bruise I felt like a young Chicagoan named Littledale, who played with me in amateur theatricals in my early youth. Littledale, in one of our shows, had to leap into a river in order to escape from a wild beast. The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Littledale was to leap and disappear, striking a soft mattress in the wings, and at the same time a rock was to be dropt in a tub of water to create a splash. But, though the leap worked all right in rehearsal, on the night of the actual performance it went wrong. There was neither mattress nor tub there. When poor Littledale jumped he fell eight feet and landed on an oaken floor with a crash loud enough to wake the dead, and there was no splashing water to drown the crash, by Jove. The audience, expecting to hear a splash, and hearing instead the thunderous impact

of Littledale's bones on the oak, set up a titter. But the heroic Littledale, equal to the occasion, silenced them. 'Heavens!' he shouted from below, 'the water's frozen?'"

No Weapons Required

The railway platform at Heidelberg was crowded with hurrying people of many nationalities, but the American traveller from Connecticut, who was trying to reach his family, felt that one man pushed against him with unnecessary roughness.

"See here," he said, turning on the offender, "you just stop jostling me that way."

He had hardly expected his words to be understood, but the young man who he had accosted drew himself up haughtily, and said in excellent English, tinged with a slight German accent:

"I am at your service, sir, at any time and place."

"Well, now, that's something like," said the traveller, hooking his arm into the haughty young man's. "You carry this bag of mine, and take me to a good hotel. You're just the man I've been looking for and didn't know how to find."

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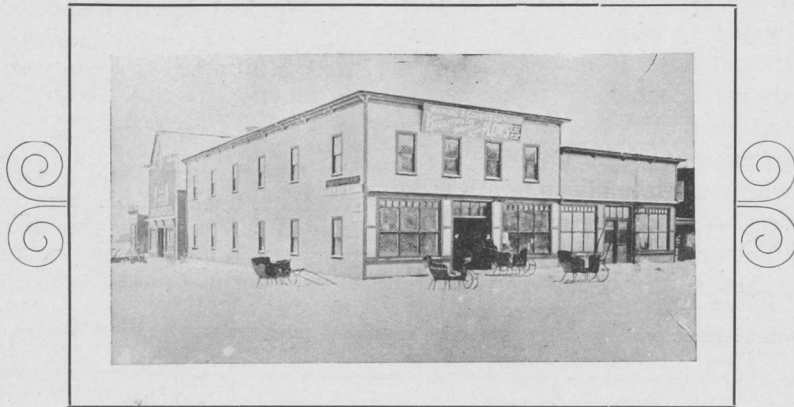
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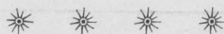
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Prince Rupert

The

Grand Trunk Pacific's Port

J. M. Collinson, a pioneer of the district where the G. T. P. terminus of Prince Rupert is to stand was in Victoria recently and gave some information regarding the site that will be read with interest. In his opinion it is the best that could have been chosen. It combines everything that goes to make a great commercial and residential city. In the first place, its harbor is the finest of the many sheltered bays that are to be found along the coast in that vicinity. It is capable of accommodating the biggest vessels without inconvenience. The country which has been surveyed for the townsite is comparatively level, and when cleared, buildings constructed, and railway depots, with trains arriving and departing each day, completed, should become the ideal city of the west, which the directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific have in their mind's eye. Moreover, the climate is first-class, rivalling that enjoyed in the favored portion of Vancouver island.

"Up on the Portland canal," Mr. Collinson remarked, "we have a cold winter. There was snow on the ground when I left. But not so at Prince Rupert. For some inexplicable reason the temperature is more equable there. When we have cold weather with snow, at Prince Rupert there is rain. Taking it all the year round, the temperature experienced at the new townsite is ideal, especially when it is remembered how far north it is located. The summer there is really lovely. From May until September, fine, warm, sunshiny weather prevails, with, of course, an occasional shower."

Mr. Collinson reports that there has been considerable preliminary work done at Prince Rupert this summer. The townsite had been thoroughly surveyed. A water supply had been located which would serve as large a population as the city was ever likely to boast of without difficulty. Several small buildings had been constructed also, but there had not been much progress in that line. While coming south, the steamer upon which he was a passenger had passed a vessel which it was understood had many thousands of feet of lumber for use in the building of a number of large structures. One of these is the new hotel. Apart from this work, and the building of a mill for the cutting and shipping of ties, Mr. Collinson does not think there will be much done during the winter months. The mill mentioned, he says, will be on a comparatively small scale, its use being apparently confined to the making of ties. These, doubtless, will be used in the construction of the roadbed of the railway from the coast, along the selected line, to connect with that being built from the east.

Prince Rupert's rival city—for every metropolis must have a commercial centre striving to keep pace with the pioneer—is Stewart City. It is located at the head of Portland canal, and, Mr. Collinson

reports, the situation is splendid. Here also, the harbor facilities are unexcelled, the country in all directions is suitable for mining, agriculture and other pursuits, and everything considered, the townsite should develop almost as rapidly as that at the railway terminus.

Questioned as to the character of the country in the immediate vicinity of Prince Rupert and Stewart city, Mr. Collinson stated that it was better adapted for mining than anything else. He asserted that the wealth of its mountains could not be overestimated. There was no doubt that when transportation was assured by rail and steamer, there would be mines opened up which would yield enormous dividends. But back of the coast range of mountains the conditions altered entirely. There was to be found mile upon mile of territory which he believed would make the finest agricultural land anywhere. The route of the railway would be through this district. Naturally it would not be long before large tracts would be taken up by settlers. The possibilities of the country from an agricultural standpoint could not be gauged by the most imaginative mind.

It had been a strenuous afternoon for the devoted teacher, who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Where have you been, boys?" asked the father of two of the party that night, and the answer came with joyous promptness:

"We've been to a dead circus."

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An Explanation Of the Chinook

John R. Craig in his book "Ranching with Lords and Commons" explains the cause of the chinook, the wind which does so much to give Alberta its distinctive character. For twenty years he was connected with the Oxley Ranch Company.

"After a clear and cold day, with the temperature near zero, a westerly gale sprang up in the early evening, and the temperature quickly rose to 48 degrees fahrenheit, remaining there over night; while a hundred miles west and beyond the front range of the Rockies, the temperature remained 40 below zero all the time. Such a warm wind is called a chinook in the west, and the question often arises, where does the Chinook come from? In case no one else has given you an account of it, allow me to offer the following explanation from the standpoint of modern meteorology.

"The chinook wind generally occurs when some area of low pressure or cyclonic storm centre, such as may be seen on our daily weather maps, lies to the east of the mountains and draws the air inwards from all sides. The air on the plains advances

obliquely towards the cyclonic centre on the left-handed inward spiral course followed by such winds. The air along the bases of the mountains moves out to take the place of that which was over the plains.

The air aloft at the height of the mountain crest and beyond descends to replace that which before stood at the base, and the descending current is a chinook. As long as the cyclonic centre remains in proper position this movement of wind will be maintained.

"The next question is, why should the chinook, as it descends from the mountain, be so warm? Many of our people living along the eastern base of the mountains ask the same question, and some of them answer, it is warm because it comes from the Pacific ocean. For this reason, I presume, the name of Pacific Zephyr has been used for such winds in Colorado. This answer is wrong; for if the wind in question owed its warmth to having come from the Pacific ocean, it should be damp wind, while, as a matter of fact, it is remarkably dry. If it came directly from the Pacific, it would be damp, not only from having a good store of vapor, but also from having cooled somewhat as it advanced over the cold continental. When an oceanic wind cools it feels extremely damp, but the chinook is peculiarly dry.

"The warmth and dryness of the chinook are both accounted for by applying the general principles of physics to the change, that the descending air must suffer as it settles from the mountain crests to the plain along the eastern base. As the air descends it is compressed by the weight of overlaying air; and as it is compressed it is mechanically warmed. Those

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who have worked where air is compressed in cylinders, as in supplying mines, will certainly recall how warm the cylinders become. The air at the top of the mountain summits is so cold that it contains little vapor; as it warms by compression in descending its capacity for vapor quickly increases; the vapor that was present at the summit no longer satisfies it; little vapor is gained during the rapid descent of the wind, and the air consequently reaches the base of the mountain not only warm but dry.

"If the wind continues to blow for some days, as may happen, the supply for the upper flow over the mountain may be drawn from further and further and further to windward, and not only the upper strata of air, but also the lower air lying in the valleys and basins may flow toward and over the mountains. When an ascent of air is thus established on the windward slopes, clouds from there and rain soon begins; and then the latent heat of the condensing vapor retards the cooling of the ascending air. As the current flows over the summit, the small amount of cloud that it carries is soon dissolved, and then the air is rapidly warmed by descent, as explained above. In this case it is not properly the warmth of the air on the windward slope of the mountains, but the latent heat of the vapor it contains, to which the heat of the chinook should be referred. In the example referred to, however, the very low temperature at Laggan, would indicate that the chinook was supplied chiefly from the upper strata of the atmosphere about the height of the mountain summits, and the warm chinook would be supplied from the cold upper air."

Did as He Was Told

An amusing instance of 'literal mindedness' was afforded not long ago by a bell-boy in a hotel in Washington.

One of the guests, a congressman from the west, had hurried to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the railway station and board his train.

When he hastily had transacted his business with the clerk and had turned to dash out of the door, it suddenly occurred to him that he had forgotten something. 'Here, boy!' shouted he to a diminutive negro on the bench, 'run to room No. 48 just as quick as you can, and see whether I have left a box on the bureau. But hurry, as I have only five minutes.'

The boy rushed up the stairs. In two or three minutes he returned, out of breath. 'Yes sah!' he panted, 'you left it sah!'

'Now, boys,' said the teacher, 'how many months have 28 days?'

'All of them,' promptly replied the scholar at the foot of the class.

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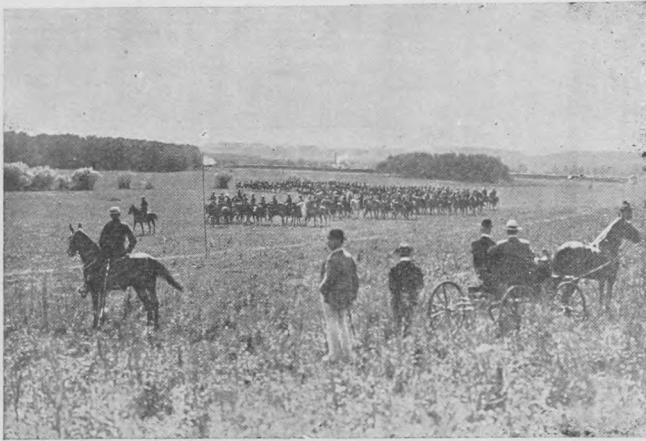
Corner
Eighth street & Jasper ave.

Edmonton

The Canadian Mounted Rifles

—By Lieut-Colonel E. B. Edwards, K.C.

The shrill notes of the last post awakened the echoes of the Saskatchewan valley on the evening of the 19th of June, 1906, and announced to the people of Edmonton that in this outpost of the empire a branch of the Canadian military had been established. Three squadrons of the newly organized Canadian Mounted Rifles had marched into camp in the valley opposite Fourteenth street, and had quickly proceeded to make themselves comfortable. They were "A" squadron, of Edmonton, under command of Major S. Paton, his officers being, Captain B. J. Saunders and Lieutenants W. A. Griesbach, N. F. Harbottle, G. W. Foster and R. Hardisty; "B" squadron



The C.M.R. drilling

of Strathcona, under the command of Major F. C. Jamieson, with Captain Arthur Pierson and Lieutenants G. W. Marriott, E. W. Mackenzie, Harold Ritchie and L. Adamson; and "C" squadron of Fort Saskatchewan, under command of Major P. Aylen, with Captain H. E. Daniel and Lieutenants W. L. Wilkins, B. C. D'Easum, A. T. Chambers and L. J. Whitaker. In temporary command of the regiment during the camp was Lieut. Col. A. C. Macdonell, D. S. O., with the following staff: Adjutant, Captain E. F. Mackie, D. S. O.; Acting Quarter-Master, Captain B. J. Saunders; Medical Officer, Surgeon Lieutenant Hislop; Veterinary Lieutenant R. G. Berry; Chaplain, Rev. G. C. D'Easum.

The camp was very prettily situated and the long stretch of level ground, now occupied by the Golf Club, afforded an excellent drill ground. From the bank above a capital view of the whole scene could be had.

The newly organized corps, with officers and men and horses brought together for the first time, with drill and duties all to be learned "from the ground up," had much to accomplish in the short twelve days of the camp. Of all the commanding

officers that could possibly be furnished from the ranks of the Canadian militia, none could have been chosen better fitted to accomplish the task of getting them into shape than Lieut. Col. Macdonell. His experience as a soldier, his knowledge of drill and of all the minutiae of the interior economy of a regiment, his wonderful energy, his power of downright hard work, his tact and skill in getting the best work out of others, were all brought into play. He was ably seconded by Captain Mackie, an officer at once capable and even tempered, and by Sergeant Instructor Jackson, who proved himself most efficient both as instructor and Sergeant Major. Quarter Master Sergeant Day, by his active oversight over the rations, contributed not a little to the comfort of the camp.

The regiment was inspected by Major General Lord Aylmer, inspector general of the Canadian forces, and Colonel T. D. B. Evans, C. B., on the 26th of June, just one week after the camp began. He found the lines of the several squadrons models of neatness. He was particularly impressed with the fine physique and appearance of the men. The various movements on the field were carried out with all the dash that was to be expected of mounted rifles, while the more formal "ceremonial" movements of the march past were performed with a degree of steadiness and precision that could hardly have been expected of a corps but one week in training. But the force included a liberal sprinkling of South African veterans and some of the most spirited young men of Western Canada, and this fact, coupled with the hard work done, accounted to some extent for the fine showing made.

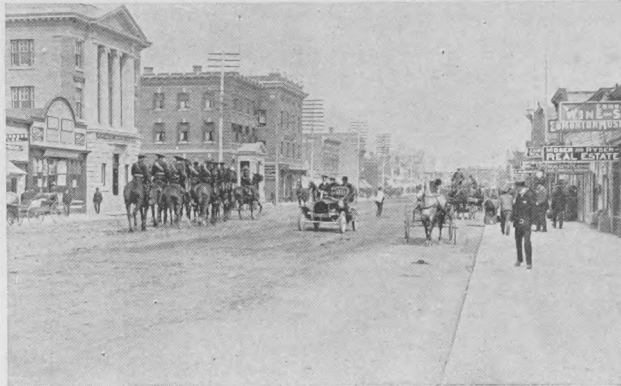
The camp had its social side and a very pleasant feature it proved to be. A number of "At Homes" were held, graced by the ladies of Edmonton, and a dinner was given by the officers on the occasion of Lord Aylmer's visit. The city council entertained Lord Aylmer and his staff and the officers of the C. M. R. at luncheon.



C.M.R. Officers' "At Home"

The allotted twelve days of drill ended on Saturday, the 29th of June, and on that day "C" squadron returned to Fort Saskatchewan. "A" and "B" squadrons, however, voluntarily remained in camp until the following Monday, (without pay for men or

horses,) for the purpose of taking part in the formal opening of the exhibition by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor. Their appearance on the grounds lent color to the opening and was much appreciated by the thousands of people present. The march past and other movements were performed



The C.M.R. exercising on Jasper Avenue

with creditable steadiness and precision.

From beginning to end of the camp the C. M. R. won golden opinions from all who saw them, and it is safe to say that next year their camp will be one of the most interesting and attractive places in Edmonton.

"Mr. Dooley"

On

"The Christmas Spitit"

(F. P. Dunne "Mr Dooley" in the American Magazine)

Chris'mas comes but wanst a year, hn' they ain't anny other time like it. All th' rest iv th' year, fish days an' feast days, holy days an' unholy days, all th' wurruld is in a clinch. A gran' rasslin' match is goin' on in ivry corner iv th' civylized wurruld. We're all in a tangle, fightin', quarrel', robbin', plundherin' or murdherin', accordin' to our tastes. I thrust no man. No, I won't go that far, I'll say I pretind ivry man is honest, an' I believe none iv thim ar-re. In that way I keep me frinds an' save me money. Nobody thrusts me. Down th' stairs, through th' kitchen, an' into th' pailor we go, all over th' house, strikin' high or low, no holds barred, no blows foul. It's what Hogan calls th' struggle f'r existence, an' it'll always go on while there's a dollar in the wurruld, a woman, or a ribbon to wear in our coats. We've f'rgotten ivrything else bat poundiu' th' man under us, kneein' th' man on top iv us, whin suddenly we hear a voice; "Gintlemenn, gintlemen, not before th' childer." An' we get up an' brush th' dust off our clothes an' shake hands, pretindin' it was all fun. Th' kids have come in.

That's what Chris'mas is for, Hinnisay. But f'r that wan twenty-four hours. whin there's a white flag up, an' th' worst inimy I have, or th' worst frind, cud come within stone's throw iv me without fear, we'd die iv exhaustion.

'Little Eddie was looking at the drop of water through the microscope.

'Now I know,' he said, 'after seeing the microbes darting around in the water, I know what sings when the kettle is boiling; it is these little bugs.'



A Most Prosperous Year.

For 1906 is anticipated by every close observer of economy and industrial conditions, and we are preparing to satisfy each and every person that will have any work done in our line of work in the year we are about to enter.

We are doing the biggest clothes cleaning business in Edmonton—but it doesn't come to us by chance. It is because we have demonstrated 1st—that we do good work at reasonable prices; 2nd—that we are perfectly reliable; 3rd—that the prophecies of disaster which were made for us by several cheap imitations, did not come true; 5th—that we do business on business principles and no misrepresentations in our advertisements.

Now Then

We have outgrown our premises three times and are now crowded for room. What our plans are for 1907 we are not at the present time prepared to say; but expect before long to have the most up-to-date cleaning establishment in the last great west.

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The Edmonton Christmas OF Twenty Years Ago.

—BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

"Merry Christmas" had a different and it may be a deeper meaning in the old days in Edmonton than it has in the crowded present.

The Christmas we of British race have been taught to know through succeeding generations, was one in which feasting, merry-making and family gatherings were the outward and visible signs of the spirit of peace on earth and good will toward man that dominates the yule-tide.

The settlement of the valley of the Saskatchewan was too young in the eighties of last century to create extensive family connections that made Christmas re-unions of kinsfolk possible among those to whom such annual gatherings were traditional.

The Hudson Bay Company and its officers had not yet lost the "exclusiveness" that marked the social attitude and business methods of a corporation that ruled the destinies of nearly half a continent for a century.

The North-West Mounted Police like all military or quasi-military organizations was in a sense apart from the distinctively civilian life of the people.

The kindness, the cheerfulness and the hospitality of the Edmonton of those days at the Christmas time were supplemented and appreciated by another feeling in the hearts of many whose lives were lived essentially apart from what they understood by the word "Home."

To few of the young men, widowers and those exiled from their families but would come not only a measure of the indescribable Christmas feeling that has come down through the ages of Christendom since first that baby cry of the Christ went forth in the manger at Bethlehem but a flood of brain and heart throbbing memory of the Christmas as of other days. It was in this that Christmas had a deeper meaning to the Edmontonian of twenty years ago, the exile of the past, than it has in the busy social life of the Edmonton of to-day.

Aleck Taylor, hospitable Aleck Taylor, never thought, probably, as he sat at the head of his table years ago that the silence of his guest, the reckless young lawyer who was enjoying his first Christmas dinner in the far west was due to other things than the enjoyment of a good dinner and the bashfulness of youth. Mr. Taylor little knew that the sight of the blazing plum pudding, the prattling murmur of a child, soft voices of two kind-eyed gentlewomen, the hospitable urging of "just a little more, my boy," were the influences that flushed the cheek, dimmed

the eyes and almost choked, the silent guest as the Christmases of other days never to be re-lived were recalled by the Christmas spirit of the scene.

There never was a Christmas sermon preached in Edmonton church more effective or appropriate or further reaching by priest, parson or minister, by Father Fauquier, Canon Newton or Mr. MacQueen than was preached by the kindly and gentle voice of host and hostess, by the turkey and plum-puddings of the Christmas dinners of hospitable Edmonton two decades ago.

The Christmas spirit however in Edmonton fortunately and sometimes unfortunately travelled beyond the religious and home life from which so many of us lived apart and arrayed itself in buckskin or "Chapps" and became essentially western.

Some of us may remember the dance that started on Christmas Eve and ran along from house to house in the Lower Settlement, the Big Lake and across the river night after night during the holiday week until the beginning of the New Year when it stopped, for half of us were delirious for want of sleep and all the dark-haired, dark-eyed girls were married or engaged.

A story of one Christmas Eve and one Christmas Morning in the long ago may tell something of that other life that has gone never to return, an echo of the old frontier, characteristic of the medley of things social, of the point of view, of the recklessness and also of the reminiscent feeling of the Edmontonian of other days at the Christmas-tide.

We had danced that night at Fort Saskatchewan, many from the Sturgeon River, some from Big Lake, more from Clover Bar, a crowd from Edmonton and every officer, non-commissioned officer and "buck" from the Police Barracks across the river that could get leave or step past the sentry,

Phil Heiminck had surpassed himself in his preparations in the largest house in the settlement for the annual Police Ball and everything from a waxed floor, rattling music, tasteful evergreen decorations and a bountiful supper were as only Mr. Heiminck could arrange.

It was the "wild and wooly west" softened by the spirit of comradeship and gentle souled women and the memory of the Christmas Eve of other days.

Those were the times when the kindly wife of the commandant would dance with a "buck," when the young Scotchman of family from Clover Bar lost in a tangle of broad Scotch and school-boy French would speak to a coquettish, dark-eyed partner in the shadow of halls, alcoves or stairways with silent but eloquent lips or in the whirl of the dance with communicative waist encircling arm. What of it all? What if small hands were pressed tighter and waists were yielded more generously than in the conventional present? Eyes looked into eyes as honestly then as they do in the finger-tipped present and over all the magic spirit of the Christmas-tide hovered.

"Ma mere say not right to let les garçons kiss me" whispered relentlessly a pair of red lips beneath the branches of a spruce standing decoratively in the shadows of Phil Heiminck's hall that night. And the bright face grew rosy red as she listened to a

young man's lawyer-like pleading about Yule-tide customs and mistletoe on spruce-trees. "But it is Noel, de time of Christmas" and the bright eyes beamed mischievously and kindly and the red lips came nearer.

And it was with the joyousness of the dance still throbbing in our veins and the music of the violin yet in our ears that a few of the more reckless walked in the moon-lit night a mile up the road to poor old Jim Reid's bachelor home stead.

Will any of the wayward spirits of that night ever forget the poker game in the lonely home of the quaint little Irishman, and the potency of the brew of Hudson Bay rum? Will Jack Smith, Andy Coghlan, Steward Wilkins, Chamberlain, "Shay" we called him, and the rest of us ever forget the interruption of the last jack-pot as the long northern night was drawing to a close and one of us had gone to the stable to fodder the horses? Will any of us ever forget how the Christmas spirit was brought back to us that morning as we sat at the end of the long night with bent brows, haggard cheeks and blood-shot eyes forgetting much in the greed of gain and the potency of alcohol.

"I open for five dollars" said some one making his "discard."

"I'll stay, I'll stay, I'll stay, I'll stay" went around the little kitchen table, when soft and sweet came the sound of a baritone voice in the quietness of the night singing a song that all of us had known in other lands and amid other scenes. Up from the stable through the clear air came the old Christmas hymn:

"Hark the Herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King
"Peace on earth and mercy mild
"Christ and sinner reconciled."

Close about the open door we crowded as the great white world about us was lit up by the glory of the rising sun and the flickering of the Northern Lights and listened to the Christmas hymn our race will never forget—and that game of poker in Jim Reid's shack at Fort Saskatchewan was never finished.

A few hours afterwards I stood in the leanto where John Brown made his home in Edmonton.

"Ye'd like a horn. Well, 'tis Christmas," said the oftentimes misunderstood but kindly Scot. And as we stood, glass in hand, facing each other in the cramped quarters and dark shadows of the little room I know there passed in lightning review in the minds and hearts of elderly Scot and young Canadian, as "Merry Christmas" was announced and the loud bark of the Gordon setter mingled with the clinking of the glasses, the merry Christmases of other days and other lands—for of such was the Edmonton Christmas of twenty years ago.

Out in the cold at break of day,
Scraping away in the snow,
The man with the shovel confronts, "you'll say,
Worse luck than the man with the hoe.

It Was the Wrong End

A certain Southern railway was in a wretched condition, and the trains were consequently run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus Ward, who was one of the passengers, remarked:

"Does this railway company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train; for, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

The speeches and letters of Senator Clark of Montana are models of good English, but on one occasion his fastidiousness in expression worked unexpected results. He had laid out a handsome lawn in front of his house; and, to prevent the town people from walking on the grass, he built a board walk over it, and put up the following sign:

"Take the board walk."

This sign instantly caught the public eye, and the next morning the sign and board walk had both vanished; and in place of the former was a rudely lettered placard bearing this inscription:

"We have."

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The Change From Old to New In Western Canada

Whether it be the Hudson's Bay employee or native of Edmonton, the old border trader of Macleod, who can tell of Forts "Whoop-up" and "Slide-out," the settler of the remote valleys of British Columbia with the swarthy "klootchman," or the Victoria gentleman who has made his competence in the Indian trade—all look askance at the Canadians on their first appearance, but soon learn to respect and regard the men of true worth, who have the historic spirit or a kindred love for the old times.

Longfellow, in the typical characters of his Hiawatha, could not omit "Iagoo, the great traveller, the great boaster." The frontier seems to develop the imagination and to create the romancer, whom commonplace people call the "frontier liar."

Whether it is the height of the mountains or their enormous mass that leads men to tell "big stories," we cannot say, but certainly the faculty grows on the mountains. What can be said of the "inventor" seen by the writer, who told of the rapidity with which the Chinook wind took off the snow. He was driving down the pass at full speed with his swiftest runners, but the Chinook was so close behind him that while the front "bobs" were on the snow the hinder were continuously on the bare ground from which the snow was being licked up. Here is his fish story:

"I was one day on one of the small lakes high up in the Rockies. It was winter, and the ice was clear as crystal on the lake. I rode my best broncho, and had my gun along loaded for bear.

"From one of my moccasins the red bordering had become loose and hung down, nearly touching the ice, dangling as I rode. I chanced to look down, and saw a great fish following me and making dashes at the red string which it saw under the ice. I stopped, took my closest aim, fired, and sure enough broke through the ice and killed the fish. I dismounted, caught the monster and pulled him out, and that fish weighed seventy pounds."

This announcement was too great to believe, and his auditors refused to accept the story. But the mountain Iagoo could not be beaten. He remarked, "Well, possibly it did not weigh seventy pounds, but I assure you it had swallowed several large fish which with itself made up the seventy pounds." The curtain fell.

The writer's experiences in British Columbia and Alberta go back for twenty years and frequent visits made have shown a marvellous change in our two provinces of the far west. Ralph Connor, in his "Black Rock," "Sky Pilot," and "The Prospector," has represented the impact between the old times and the new Canadian forces which are remodelling and now forming the far west.

In the first contact it seems as though the new civilization were getting the worst of the battle. The evil morals of the logging shanty, the roughness, profanity, and drunkenness of the miner's camp, the gambler, the whiskey trader, the harlot, and the

stopping place keeper, represent the monstrosities of this impact. But the recuperative forces of society assert themselves—the better elements combine, the sky pilot, or minister, comes in with his message, and the schoolmaster to train the young. The "Gomorrah" of two decades ago has been largely transformed into the law-abiding city or town of to-day.

Towns like Kamloops, Revelstoke, Nelson and Grand Forks are to-day reputable and pleasant places in which to live. Not that all the evil forces are gone, or have been subjugated, but the change to an observing visitor is remarkable.

Southern Alberta is transformed; Macleod has lost its picturesque terrorism, Lethbridge has law and order, while Calgary is no longer the playground of drunken cowboys, but is a beautiful and rising city with all the main institutions of modern culture and refinement. No more is Edmonton the rendezvous of the trader only, but it is to-day the beautiful city of Saskatchewan heights. Everywhere the undesirable elements are in the process of being submerged by the pressing and curative agencies of Canadian civilization.

Victoria—the Queen City of the Pacific—with its genial climate and old associations; Vancouver, the marvellous daughter of Canadian occupation, with its population of upwards of 70,000, its splendid buildings and metropolitan air; and Edmonton, the youngest of Canadian cities, destined to be a great trade centre, standing up like Arthur's Camelot—all these are to be great cities of the future; all are feeling the magnetic touch of the finger of Canadian civilization. —Dr. George Bryce in "Canada's Two Mountain Provinces."

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BY
G. E. GROGAN.



The old Fort which will soon be pulled down to make way for the Capitol

Edmonton, when I first saw it, was a small village of possibly some two hundred and fifty people, perhaps not so many, consisting mainly of a few log and frame buildings, clustering round the junction of Jasper and Fraser Avenues. The finest building, the pride of the whole community, was the brick residence of Mr. John Cameron, now used as a barracks by the R. N. W. M. Police. A mile or so west, between the old H. B. Co.'s fort and the Roman Catholic mission, another little group of buildings loomed up. The H.B. post had been established ever since 1795. It had been at first called the Beaver Hills House, the name by which the Crees know it still. Afterwards the name was changed to that of the London suburb, rendered so famous by the adventures of the immortal John Gilpin. Another one time well known fort in this district, now long since abandoned, the Rocky Mountain House, had also a second name, Aston House, called after another well known suburb of London on the Uxbridge Road.

For nearly a century the Edmonton House remained the seat of a chief factor and the centre of the Indian trade over the whole of what is now known as Alberta. All over the grassy slopes and through the dense bush surrounding the fort used to be dotted the smoke-browned tepees of the two great rival confederacies which then lorded it over the land, the Crees and the Blackfeet. They came to trade; frequently they remained to try the chances of war, sometimes with long drawn skirmishes flickering and bickering the livelong summer day through the woods and gullies around the lead-bespattered stockade, sometimes with cunning ambushade and cold-blooded massacre, as one side or the other got the "dead immortal cinch" on its hereditary foes. There is a tradition of a dusky



A Dusky Indian Chief

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The General Hospital.



Convent and St. Joachim's R.C. Church

Blackfoot belle, who, separated from her friends and hotly pursued by the enemy, urged the cayuse straight down the cut bank in front of the fort and swam him across the river and so made good her escape amid a shower of bullets. In 1870, it is only 36 years ago, a typical massacre took place on the top of the hill on the south side of the river opposite the fort, which has been related by an eye-witness, Mr. Harrison Young. There was a Blackfoot trading party at the post consisting of some eight men, seven women and a baby. Camped around the fort were about one hundred and fifty Crees and Stonies, who decided to seize so good a chance of avenging the death of a Cree chief, who had been treacherously murdered by the Blackfeet a short time before. The company did all they could to save the Blackfeet, even praying the Crees to let them go in peace, and hiring halfbreeds from St. Albert to escort them away in safety. But in vain. The Crees lined the dense woods on each side of the old trail up the hill and at the summit four men and three women, one carrying a baby, were shot down. Papunkase, a well known Cree chief, who gave his name to the old Indian reserve across the river, stunned the baby with a war club, and his sister, equally well known to Edmonton old-timers under the designation of Bob Sleigh, picked the poor little thing up, tossed it in the air and as it came down caught it on the point of her knife.

The remainder of the Blackfeet escaped into the

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Blackfoot Squaw and Papoose

bush, where the Crees were scared to follow them, and finally made good their way to their own camp. A big Blackfoot war party started for Edmonton and arrived across the river just before sunset. They came pretty near capturing Mr. David McDougall and his winter's trade of furs from Pigeon Lake, but he escaped by crossing the river in a skiff amid a shower of bullets. The H.B. Co.'s trader from the same place was left behind and all his furs and goods looted. The Crees, scared to death, fled inside the fort, which was hurriedly put in a posture of defence. But beyond potting at the stockade from across the river, the Blackfeet did not venture on any aggressive operations and departed before morning, no doubt very well satisfied with the spoil of the unlucky trader.

Still in spite of the disturbed and warlike character of the surroundings, the fort was always first and foremost a place of business, and the trade done was extensive and profitable exceedingly. The pair of great log warehouses in the Athabasca yard were packed to the roof with robes and fur, and a long succession of chief factors ruled with undisputed sway over the little company of Scotch Highlanders, Orkney-men and halfbreeds, who were at once his garrison, his workmen, his boatmen and his subjects. In the midst of this remote wilderness, unpeopled except by wandering savages, these aristocratic representatives of the great trading company kept up a state and dignity the more impressive because of its rude surroundings.

The factor's frock coat and boating cloak were of the best broadcloth and his hat, in the old days, of the most expensive beaver. When he was starting on a trip he was carried from the fort to his seat in the boat. When the party reached camp he was lifted out of the boat to a tent carefully pitched for him apart from the common herd on the shore. Salutes were fired as he left and when he returned to the fort. It was a position which called up the strongest points of character whether for good or evil, and these wardens of the marches of commerce, these old Prudens and Sinclairs and Rowlands and Christies and Mac's of every clan in Caledonia were no ordinary men.

The first intruders on their ancient solitary reign were the missionaries. It is now nearly sixty years ago since Father Lacombe planted the cross on the banks of the Sturgeon river and built a little humble log church, and ruling there over a small settlement of French halfbreeds, prudently and with all his power, for their own good and the glory of the church, made that place the central point for his long missionary journeys among the Crees of the Saskatchewan and the Blackfeet of the Southern plains.

Behind the missionaries came the miners. There was gold in the Saskatchewan, gold on the bars of the river, gold in the ledges of gravel in its banks. The



Sarcee Indian Chief

company did not care how much of it there was. They had all the El Dorado they wanted in the fur trade, and the very last people they desired to see on the Saskatchewan were the prospectors. Prospectors were too independent and inquisitive. They had no proper respect for chief factors. But they came.

It was in the early sixties when the secret first leaked out, and soon men in the placer camps of Kootenay and Montana began to see visions and dream dreams of big pay gravel on the bars of the great river with the queer name, somewhere away in the far off, unknown North. So they came from Montana in the South, from Kootenay in the West, from Peace River in the North, without guide or map or trail, for there were none, across hundreds of miles of pathless mountain, across the Blackfoot-haunted foothills they came and struck it fairly rich, an ounce a day sometimes, nothing wonderful but still good enough while it lasted.

After the miners came the Mounted Police, A troop, under Col. Jarvis, who arrived in the fall of '74 after a long and hard trip from Roche Percee, at which point the troop had left the main body of the Police marching into the country under Col. French, a little forlorn band of some fifty men, half starving, ragged, dismounted, holding their staggering horses up on their feet but still quite cheerful. And in such fashion

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An Indian Beauty

the Mounted Police brought the law up to the Saskatchewan.

Then the Dominion Government surveyed the line for the new great national highway through the Edmonton district, and the report brought the first wave of immigration, settlers from Ontario and Scotland and Quebec, spreading their homesteads along down the river and the pleasant valley of the Sturgeon. It was a long time before the railway came, but this first wave of settlement demonstrated clearly the great possibilities of farming in the country and incidentally started to build up the town of Edmonton as distinct from the H.B. trading post of Fort Edmonton.

A queer, little, isolated, easy going community it was, straggling about through the thick woods along the bank of the river for a mile or more, between the two tiny business centres at either end. Threading one's way by devious trails in the bush one came across a store, a saloon, a church or a dwelling house among the trees as the case might be. At first communication with the outside world was altogether by the great north route by Fort Carlton and Fort Ellice to Winnipeg. Latterly, when the rival town of Calgary sprang up on the C.P.R., that place became our port of entry and base of supplies. There was money made though, and if there was no luxury and not much amusement, there was plenty and comfort and a

democratic feeling of good fellowship and camaraderie pervading the entire community, which made the little town a pleasant enough place to live in.

The Hudson Bay chief factor was still a man of recognized influence, dispensing the traditional open-handed hospitality of the chiefs of the great company at the "Big House" above the fort. The fort itself still teemed with life and business. The bell swinging in its little belfry in the Athabasca yard still summoned the employes to work and rest and rations. The old life, that had been going on for well-nigh a century behind the whitewashed bastions and stockade, was still in full swing.

Then came the rebellion of '85, when the half-breeds and Indians of the Saskatchewan played their last stake for mastery, not recognizing the fact that the game was already lost and that by the construction of the great railway the white man had stacked the cards against them. For a while there was a period of terror and panic-stricken rumor and dismay, as day by day the evil tidings came in of the fiasco at Duck Lake, the destruction of Carlton, the retreat on Prince Albert, the terrible massacre at Frog Lake. Settlers came pouring in out of the country for protection, arms were few and the only garrison of the whole district from Edmonton to Pitt was a detachment of Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan. But nothing really happened in this part of the Saskatchewan valley except the looting of a few abandoned trading stores and farm houses, and gradually confidence was restored. General Strange came in at the head of a column formed in Calgary, and as far as Edmonton was concerned the trouble was over.

With the advent of the C. & E. railway in '91 and incorporation in '92 the modern life of the town may be said to commence, though progress at first was slow, immigration sluggish, and prices below a living figure for lack of an outside market. Then came the discovery of Kootenay, the stampede to the Klondyke, a market was opened, prices went up, harvests were good and a tide of immigration commenced which has gone on swelling higher and higher from year to year ever since. And so, through opposition and disappointment and danger, through flush times and hard times, through evil report and good report, Edmonton has held her own and increased and multiplied at long last exceedingly.

The other evening I was strolling past the time-worn remains of the company's old fort. Not half of it is left standing, and silence and desolation reign supreme over the once busy and stirring outpost of trade and civilization. In front of the door of his excellency the chief factor's old-time official sanctum a solitary halfbreed woman sat unconcernedly sewing with her two little children playing on the ground at her feet. Other sign of life around the precincts of the old fort there was none. What an indescribably forlorn and pathetic aspect of abandonment and neglect. Ichabod, Ichabod, surely the glory has departed.

But then I lifted my eyes to the hills beyond,

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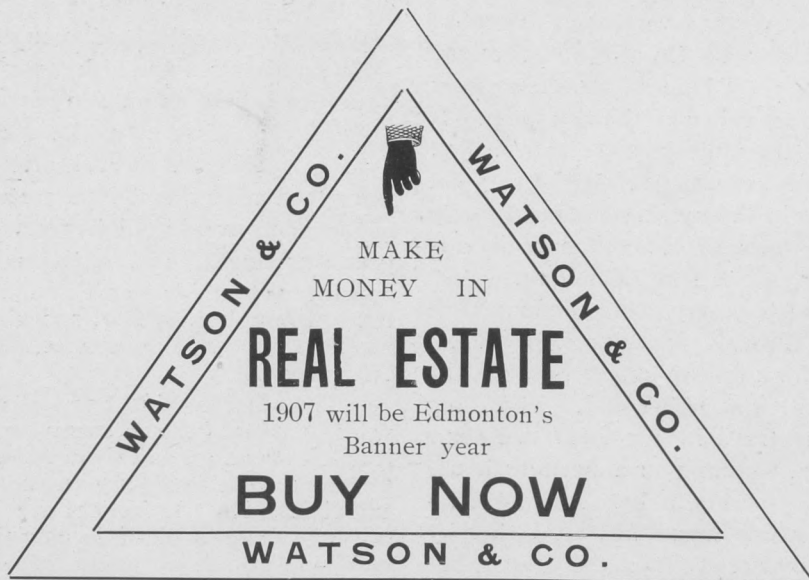
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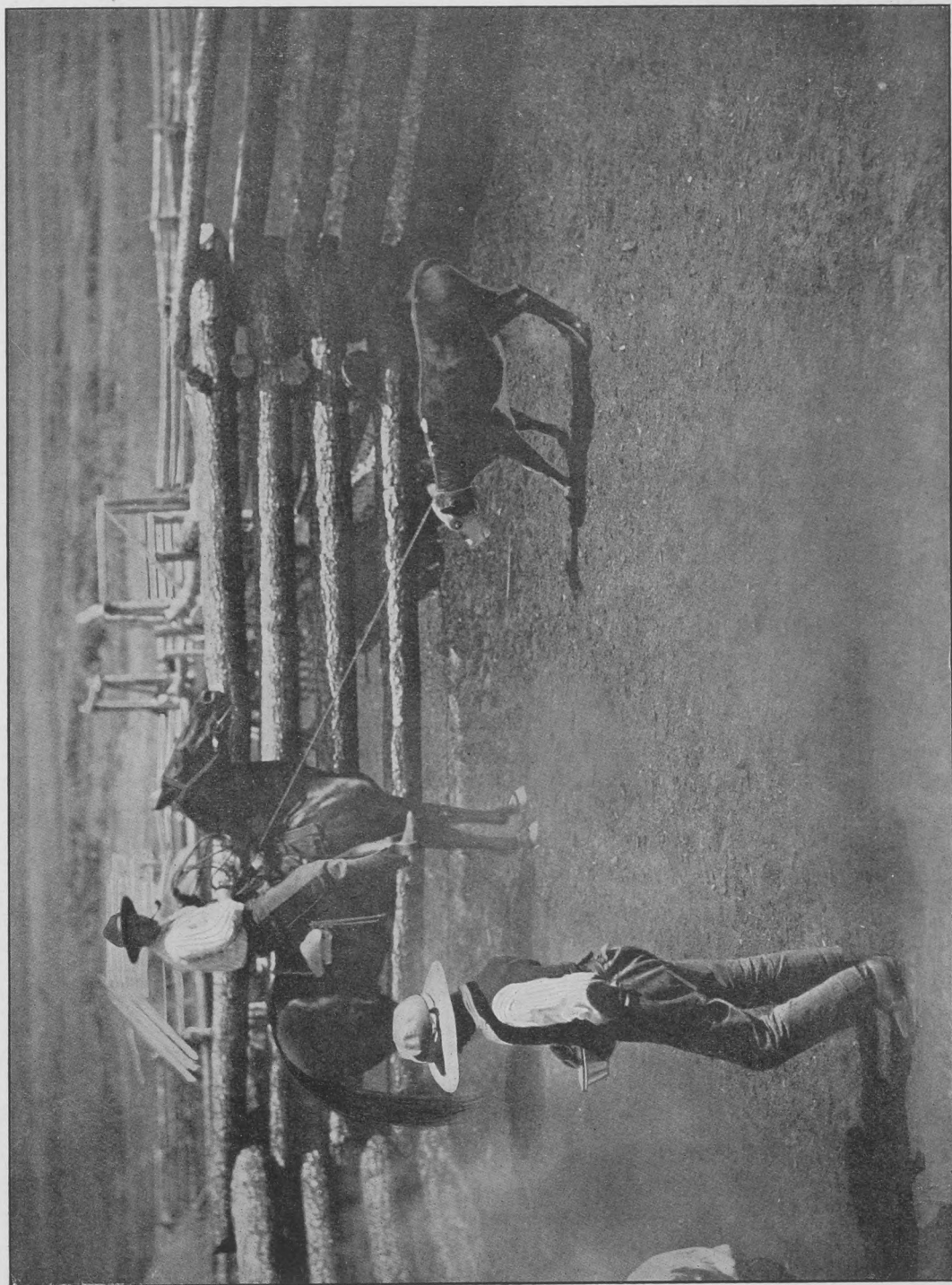


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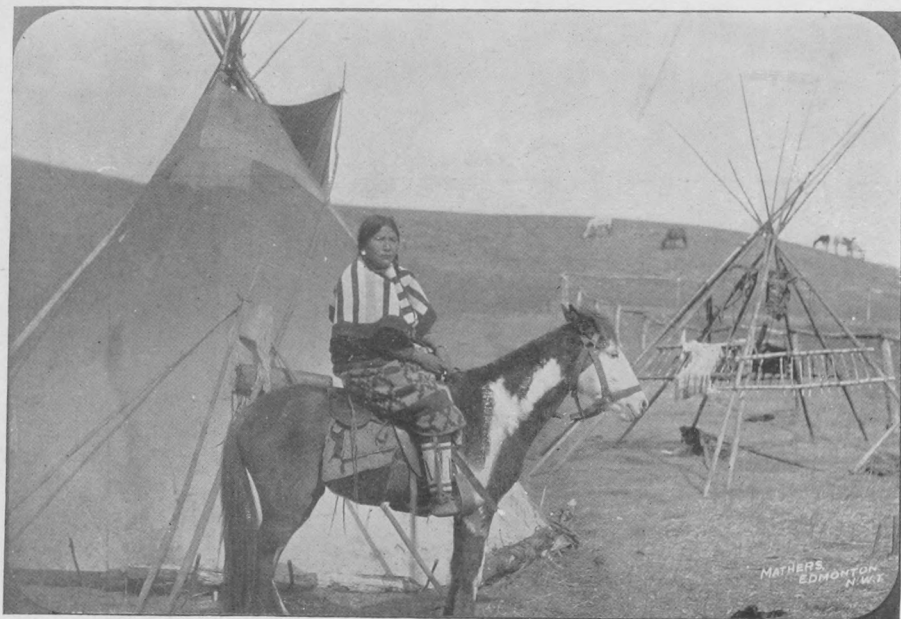
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Indian in Camp

crowned with a long line of buildings, business houses, pretty villas, colleges, schools. I thought of the busy main street, only quite recently a mere trail in the bush. I saw the little children playing in the trim gardens, on the very ground where not so long ago the red man had pitched his squalid tepee in the wilderness. I heard the business-like whistle of the locomotive, where but yesterday the only sound that broke the funeral silence was the meaningless droning of the Indian drum. Surely "the old order changeth, giving place to new," but it seemed to me that here God is visibly and before our very eyes fulfilling some mighty purpose, which in the fulness of time He will surely work out in this last new land of promise of our adoption, of our hope and of our love.

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Indians who Write Shorthand.

Probably one of the most remarkable Indian stories of the day has for its concomitants a zealous priest, a devoted band of redskins and an entire tribe bending all its energies to the mastery of the mystery of shorthand as a means of intercommunication. In Northern British Columbia along the banks of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers dwell several scattered tribes of Indians. To them some time ago came Father Le Jeune, a Brittany priest. He found his efforts to christianize the tribe hampered by the ignorance of the Indians, who could not read the Bibles he gave them and could not understand the hymn books lent them when they attended the service. So the priest sat down and thought until he found a solution of the problem. The solution took the remarkable form of a determination to teach the Indians shorthand, as the quickest way of enabling them to understand how to read and write, the phonetic characters based on the sound of words rendering it unnecessary to teach them spelling and syntax. Selecting the Duployan system, with which he was familiar, the priest set to work. He took first a few of the most intelligent men of the tribe and with considerable difficulty made of them passable shorthand scholars. Then he sent these individuals among other tribesmen to impart to them the knowledge they had acquired.

As these taught others new teachers were continually becoming available until in time the knowledge of the word sign language became general throughout the colony. In the long evenings, when there was no farming to be done, the boys and girls and young men and young women of the tribes applied themselves with the utmost assiduity to the task of mastering the mysteries of the shorthand system until today there is scarcely an Indian in that district who cannot read and write the Duployan hymn book that the priest has had printed in the word sign language. At church, to which the Indians come in such numbers that the building is rarely able to hold them all, a stranger would be quite unable to understand the services that the red men and women follow with the ease of an Englishman following the regular church service in his own place of worship, for all the books are printed in shorthand.

The news of the colony is disseminated by means of a shorthand newspaper, called the "Kamloops Wawa," Kamloops from the name of a river in the vicinity, Wawa, from the Indian word that means talk. The shorthand paper circulates all through the colony, and is the only printed matter that the Indians are able to read.

The modest Brittany priest was satisfied to take as his reward for his remarkable work the devotion of his Indian parishioners, but the news of his great success travelled far, and at last was carried to the

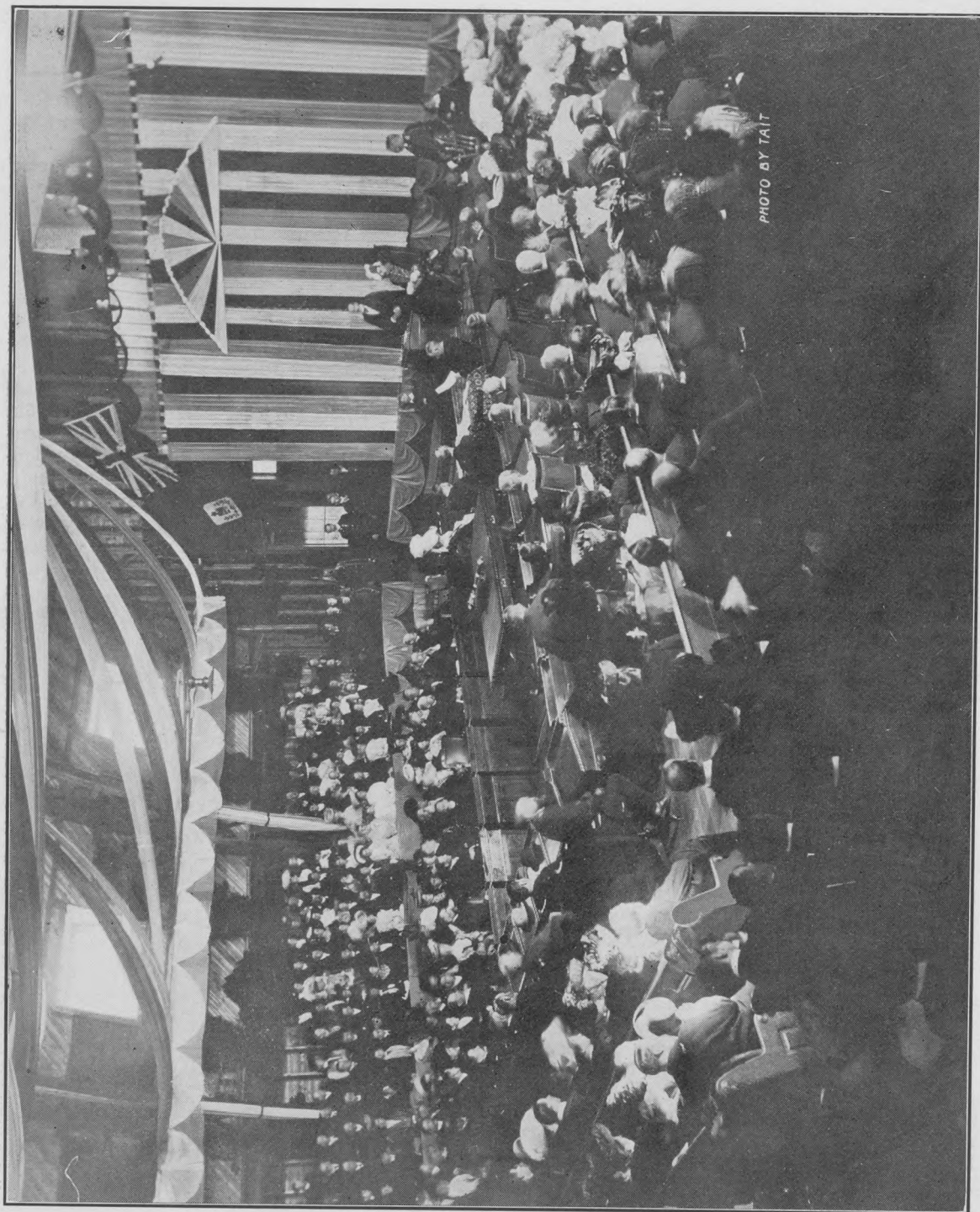
Vatican, where it greatly impressed the Pope. Orders were given for the minting of a thousand medals, and these have been sent to Father Le Jeune, with instructions to present a medal to each of the Indians making unusual progress in the mastery of the word sign language.

Coleridge's Eloquence

"I was going," says Charles Lamb, "from my house at Enfield to the India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and—in spite of telling him that time was precious—he drew me within the door of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking of a church clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw that it was no use to attempt to break away, so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and with my penknife quietly severing the button from my coat, I decamped. An hour afterwards, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice, and, on looking in, there he was, with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving just as when I left him. He had never missed me!"



Lane leading to West End Park



ALBERTA'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.

The above is a photograph of the formal opening session of the Alberta Legislature which took place in the Thistle Rink, on March 17, 1906. His Honor Lieutenant Governor Bulver is reading the address from the throne.



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The Christmas Decorations

One of

"Life's Little Difficulties"

I.

The Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to his curate, the Rev. Arthur Starling.

Dear Starling,—I am sorry to appear to be running away at this busy season, but a sudden call to London on business leaves me no alternative. I shall be back on Christmas Eve for certain, perhaps before. You must keep an eye on the decorations, and see that none of our helpers get out of hand. I have serious doubts as to Miss Green.

Yours,

L. L.

* * * *

II.

Mrs. Clibborn to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Dear Rector,—I think we have got over the difficulty which we were talking of—Mr. Lulham's red

hair and the discord it would make with the crimson decorations. Maggie and Popsy and I have been working like slaves, and have put up a beautiful and effectual screen of evergreen which completely obliterates the key-board and organist. I think you will be delighted. Mr. Starling approves most cordially.

Yours sincerely,

MARY CLIBBORN.

* * * *

III.

Miss Pitt to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

My dear Mr. Lidbetter,—We are all so sorry you have been called away, a strong guiding hand being never more needed. You will remember that it was arranged that I should have sole charge of the memorial window to Colonel Soper—we settled it just outside the Post Office on the morning that poor Blades was kicked by the Doctor's pony. Well, Miss Lockie now says that Colonel Soper's window belongs to her, and she makes it impossible for me to do anything. I must implore you to write to her putting it right, or the decorations will be ruined. Mr. Starling is kind, but quite useless.

Yours sincerely,

VIRGINIA PITT.

* * * *

IV.

Miss Lockie to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

My dear Mr. Lidbetter,—I am sorry to have to trouble you in your enforced rest, but the interests of the church must not be neglected, and you ought to



PHOTO BY TAIT

His Honor Lieutenant Governor Bulyea and Military Escort

know that Miss Pitt not only insists that the decoration of Colonel Soper's window was entrusted to her, but prevents me carrying it out. If you recollect, it was during tea at Mrs Millstone's that it was arranged that I should be responsible for this window. A telegram to Miss Pitt would put the matter right at once. Dear Mr. Starling is always so nice, but he does so lack firmness.

Yours sincerely,
MABEL LOCKIE

* * * *

V.

Mrs. St. John to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Dear Rector,—I wish you would let Miss Green have a line about the decoration of the pulpit. It is no use any of us saying anything to her since she went to the Slade School and acquired artistic notions, but a word from you would work wonders. What we all feel is that the pulpit should be bright and gay, with some cheerful texts on it, a suitable setting for you and your helpful Christmas sermon, but Miss Green's idea is to drape it entirely in black muslin and purple, like a lying in state. One can do wonders with a little cotton wool and a few yards of Turkey twill, but she will not understand this. How with all her *nouveau art* ideas she got permission to decorate the pulpit at all I cannot think, but there it is, and the sooner she is stopped the better. Poor Mr. Starling drops all the hints he can, but she disregards them all.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLOTTE ST. JOHN.

VI.

Miss Olive Green to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Dear Mr. Lidbetter,—I am sure you will like the pulpit. I am giving it the most careful thought, and there is every promise of a scheme of austere beauty, grave and solemn and yet just touched with a note of happier fulfilment. For the most part you will find the decorations quite conventional—holly and evergreens the old terrible cotton-wool snow on crimson background. But I am certain that you will experience a thrill of satisfied surprise when your eye alight upon the simple gravity of the pulpit's drapery and its flowing sensuous lines. It is so kind of you to give me this opportunity to realize some of my artistic self. Poor Mr. Starling, who is entirely Victorian in his views of art, has been talking to me about gay colors, but my work is done for *you* and those who can understand.

Yours sincerely,
OLIVE GREEN.

* * * *

VII.

Mrs. Millstone to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Dear Rector,—Just a line to tell you of a delightful device I have hit upon for the decorations. Cotton wool, of course, makes excellent snow, and rice is sometimes used, on gum, to suggest winter too. But I have discovered that the most perfect illusion of white rime can be obtained by wetting the leaves and then sprinkling flour on them. I am going to get all the others to let me finish off everything like that of

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Saturday News Christmas Number

Christmas Eve (like varnishing-day at the Academy, my husband says), when it will be all fresh for Sunday. Mr. Starling, who is proving himself such a dear, is delighted with the scheme. I hope you are well in that dreadful foggy city.

Yours sincerely,

ADA MILLSTONE.

* * * *

VIII.

Mrs. Hobbs, charwoman, to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Honored Sir,—I am writing to you because Hobbs and me dispare of getting any justice from the so called ladies who have been turning the holy church of St. Michael and all Angels into a Covent Garden market. To sweep up holly and other green stuff I don't mind, because I have heard you say year after year that we should all do our best at Christmas to help each other. I always hold that charity and kindness are more than rubys, but when it comes to flour I say no. If you would believe it Mrs. Millstone is first watering the holly and the lorrel to make it wet, and then sprinkling flour on it to look like hore frost, and the mess is something dreadful, all over the cushions and carpet. To sweep up ordinary dust I don't mind, more particularly as it is my paid work and bounden duty; but unless it is made worth my while Hobbs says I must say no. We draw the line at sweeping up dough. Mr. Starling is very kind,

but as Hobbs says you are the founting head. Awaiting a reply I am

Your humble servant,

MARTHA HOBBS.

* * * *

IX.

Mrs. Vansittart to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Dear Rector,—If I am late with the north wind you must understand that it is not my fault, but Pedder's. He has suddenly and most mysteriously adopted an attitude of hostility to his employers (quite in the way one has heard of gardeners doing), and nothing will induce him to cut me any evergreens, which he says he cannot spare. The result is that poor Horace and Mr. Starling have to go out with lanterns after Pedder has left the garden, and cut what they can and convey it to the church by stealth. I think we shall manage fairly well, but thought you had better know in case the result is not equal to your anticipation.

Yours sincerely,

GRACE VANSITTART.

* * * *

X.

Mr. Lulham, organist, to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

Dear Sir,—I shall be glad to have a line from you authorizing me to insist upon the removal of a large screen of evergreens which Mrs. Clibborn and her

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daughters have erected by the organ. There seems to be an idea that the organ is unsightly, although we have had no complaints hitherto, and the effect of this barrier will be to interfere very seriously with the choral part of the service. Mr. Starling sympathizes with me, but has not taken any steps.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

WALTER LULHAM.

* * * *

XI.

The Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to Mrs. Lidbetter.

My dearest Harriet,—I am having, as I expected, an awful time with the decorations, and I send you a batch of letters and leave the situation to you. Miss Pitt had better keep the Soper window. Give the Lockie girl one of the autograph copies of my *Narrow Path*, and tell her how sorry I am that there has been a misunderstanding. Mrs. Hobbs must have an extra half-a-crown, and the flouring must be discreetly discouraged—on the ground of waste of food material. Assure Lulham that there shall be no barrier, and then tell Mrs. Clibborn that the organist has been given a pledge that nothing should intervene between his music and the congregation. I am dining with the Lawsons to-night, and we go afterwards to the *Tempest*, I think.

Your devoted

L.

Compensation

There's goin' to be a Christmas tree next door !
Jess an' me know;
We saw them buyin' candles to the store—
An't must be so,

Ma says the Joneses folks is awful proud
An' so you see
Their little girl an' boy don't play around
With Jess an' me.

When Jess and me made snow mans in the street
They bawled, you bet,
Because their ma said, no, they couldn't play,
Fear they'd get wet

An' oh, that day when all the street was ice
An' we'd begin
An' slide fer half a mile, their ma she said,
They must stay in.

An' when the sleigh went scootin' past their door
With Jess an' me
They blubbered till they froze the window-pane,
An' couldn't see

But now they're goin' to have a really show—
A Christmas tree,
An' there ain't been no invitation come
For Jess an' me !

Ma says that if she felt so bad because
She couldn't go.
She'd go and soak her head befor she'd let
Them upstarts know !

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A Song of the Plains.

—By H. H. Bashford

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned
for skill,
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is
in my heart,
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the
hill,
Singing of life and endurance, and bidding me
bear my part.
For this is Song, as I sing it, the song that I love the
best,
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the
gleaming steel,
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open
West,
Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden and help
and heal.
And this is Life, as I read it, and Life, in its fairest
form,
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of
the upturned sod,
To strive, and strive, and be thankful, to weather the
shine and storm,
Pencilling, over the prairies, the destiny planned
by God.
And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and
wait,
To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath
His sky,
To dwell alone in His greatness, to strike and to
follow straight,
Silent, and strong, and contented—the limitless
plains and I.

His Christmas Folks.

—By Frank L. Stanton

I likes my fren's in springtime w'en we plows
furrow long,
En de mockin' bird is primpin' in de peach tree f
a song,
En de larks is des a-skimmin' er de co'nfiel's eas' e
wes',
But I likin' en I lovin' er my Chris'mus folks de bes
I knows w'en Chris'mus comin',—tain't de fros' dat
on de shed,
De crisp road ter de cabin, or de holly-berries red,
Or de singin' er de fiddle, w'en de white san's o
de flo',
En de niggers in de cabin des a-flingin' heel en toe.
En heah come ole Br'er Rufus!—he been a-hoein' co
Sence w'en dey say de stars felled—'fo' de bes' er t
wuz bo'n!
He take his dram, en thanky, he th'ow his stick away
En "Look out! I a-comin', en Lawd bless Chris'mu
Day!"
Oh, dey ain't no time dat's like it! Come in heah
one en all,
En take de white folks Chris'mus des up en dow
de hall!
De jimmyjohn is ready, en de ol'-time fiddle's des
A-sayin' en a-singin': "Ain't yo' Chris'mus folk
de bes'?"

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EDMONTON



Two Blackfoot Indian Girls Dressed in Mooseskin

Alberta's First Legislature



could be described as passably good speakers. But they were men whose opinions on the various questions with which they had to deal were based upon sound judgment and long experience of the conditions of life in this part of the west. All of them had made a success of their private affairs and most of them had had public training in narrower fields. A few had belonged to the old assembly of the Northwest Territories at Regina. The premier and the minister of agriculture had had seats at Regina; the attorney-general and the minister of public works had not.

In most popular assemblies professional men, especially lawyers, are apt to preponderate. This is not the case in Alberta. Among the members were six lawyers and one doctor, four farmers, the rest being engaged in mercantile life, no less than ten being connected with the lumber industry, so that several questions having to do with it received expert consideration.

* * *

The most striking event of what has been a veritable annus mirabilis for Edmonton was undoubtedly the assembly within her borders of the first legislature of Alberta, one of the most important acts of which was the establishment of the city as the permanent seat of government for the province. The history of the whole Dominion has shown no more remarkable event of its kind than the formal opening of the house in March last. In order to accommodate the large number who wished to witness what it was recognized would go down as historic proceedings, the legislature assembled for the day in the Thistle rink, a vast auditorium, into which what was estimated at about five thousand people were crowded. The later sessions were held in the assembly room of the MacKay avenue school, both the ceremonial and the more matter-of-fact features of the House's work being followed with keen interest. The representatives of the people and the citizens of the capital fraternized frequently during the two months that the former remained in the city, a reception being tendered to them and to the visitors from the other towns and cities during the week of the opening and an elaborate banquet being held just previous to prorogation. There could be no doubt of Edmonton's appreciation of the honor which had been done it in being selected as the political centre of what every Albertan feels assured is the fairest of the sisterhood of confederated provinces.

Those upon whom our first legislative responsibilities devolved could hardly be described as a brilliant body of men. There were no great orators among them. In fact there were but a few who



THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

The representative of the King's authority in the province, Hon. George Hedley Vicars Bulyea, did not come to Alberta altogether as a stranger. For more than two years before his selection for this post of

great honor he had been a member of the Haultain territorial administration and a most assiduous minister of public works. His duties as lieutenant-governor he has discharged with tact and dignity. But it must not be imagined from this statement that His Honor is accustomed to putting on a tremendous amount of what in the expressive vernacular of the day is called "side." A stranger coming up from the east early last winter before the official residence was ready for occupation expressed surprise at seeing Mr. Bulyea sitting about the corridor of the Alberta Hotel talking to his friends the same as the ordinary guest. He had, he declared, never seen so thoroughly democratic a lieutenant governor and this characteristic was very much to his liking. As a speaker His Honor has greatly developed since assuming his duties. Some of his replies to the addresses presented to him during the tour of the members of the legislature in Southern Alberta last summer reached a high level. As host and hostess at Government House, he and his good wife have made many warm



MRS. G. H. V. BULYEA

friends for themselves. Their hospitality has been of the hearty though unostentatious character, which the majority of people most appreciate. The Lieutenant Governor is a New Brunswicker, having been born at Gaagetown but 47 years ago, so that in his case the post has not been, as it has been so often elsewhere, a resting-place for old and worn-out politicians. He should still have many years of usefulness before him to devote to the upbuilding of Western Canada and in particular to that of the province, which all hope he will make his permanent place of abode.

* * *

THE PREMIER

Hon A. C. Rutherford, the first minister, is an Ontario man. When last winter he returned to his old home in Kemptville, where he began the practice of law, a most enthusiastic welcome was given him by his former fellow-townsmen, who had watched with keenest interest his career in the west, which had resulted in his rapid advancement to the highest representative post in the gift of the new province. Mr. Rutherford became a citizen of Strathcona in 1895 and soon became a prominent figure in its affairs. In 1902 he was elected to the Territorial Assembly,

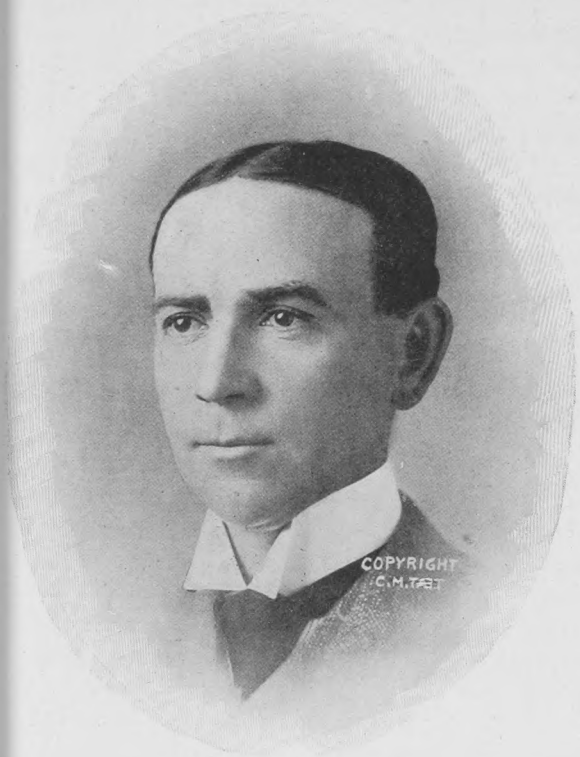


A. C. RUTHERFORD

holding the post of deputy-speaker. With the formation of the province of Alberta in prospect, the liberals in convention selected Mr. Rutherford as the leader and when the lieutenant governor was installed in his post, he entrusted to him the formation of a cabinet. Mr. Rutherford is no ornamental premier. His warmest admirers cannot say that he possesses any great oratorical powers. But he is a shrewd observer and a keen student of public questions and has that prime requisite of a thoroughly successful politician, "a glad hand." He is a "mixer," a term which, as someone pointed out a short while ago speaking of President Roosevelt, can be truthfully applied to few who possess the more solid qualifications of a successful statesman.



MRS. A. C. RUTHERFORD



THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

The position which Hon C. W. Cross holds illustrates anew the fact that this is essentially a young man's country. He is still in the early thirties and with the position of influence that he has attained at his age should yet travel far in the public life of the Dominion. He was born in November 1872, at Madoc, north of Belleville, and proceeded to Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto. While a good student, he was not what in academic circles is called a "plug." He took a keen interest in athletics and for several years was known as one of the best lacrosse players in the province. He was captain of the varsity team while during the summer he played for the Toronto Club. The spirit of the oft quoted remark of the Duke of Wellington's that Waterloo was won on the playgrounds at Eton may be applied to a wide variety of circumstances. Certain it is that devotion to athletics prepares a man for the successful discharge of more serious functions, and that if it is not abused, as it too often is under modern conditions, it results in the development of level-headed qualities which stand him in good stead later in life. In Britain it is quite an ordinary thing for a great athlete to rise to a high place in public life. Sir Edward Grey, the present foreign minister, was in his day the amateur tennis champion of the country; Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, the late colonial secretary, was in the front rank of cricketers; Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Alverstone, was the fastest sprinter of his time; and numerous other cases might be cited. But in Canada they are few and far between. Let us hope that Mr. Cross will be the first of a long line of Canadian statesmen-athletes. It is safe to venture that if he is it will mean more progressiveness and broad-mindedness in the administration of our affairs.

The attorney-general, after graduating from Osgoode in 1898, did not take long to make up his mind where he should launch forth on the practice of his profession. He struck out for Edmonton, and his friends in the east wondered why, while he was about it, he did not go on to the North Pole. They thought he had buried himself, and it was with some surprise that seven short years later they read in the newspapers that the man with whom they had been silently sympathizing had become a minister of the Crown and one of the most influential of Western Canada's public men. The young lawyer, on hanging up his shingle, did not take long to impress with his ability the people of what was then an out-of-the-way settlement with a train running within two or three miles of it three times a week. In law and politics he soon came to the front, and when Mr. Rutherford came to form his cabinet there was no doubt as to his inclusion. At the general election that followed he was returned by a sweeping majority, and has more than justified the confidence of both his leader and his constituents. During last winter's session a vast amount of constructive work devolved upon him, and it is safe to say that no new province ever had its legislative foundations better laid. At the same time he has proved a most ardent and successful champion of Edmonton's interests. To mention only one of the many services that he has rendered, it was due almost wholly to his efforts that Edmonton became the permanent capital of the province. In every public movement outside of his own particular sphere he takes the keenest interest.

* * *



THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

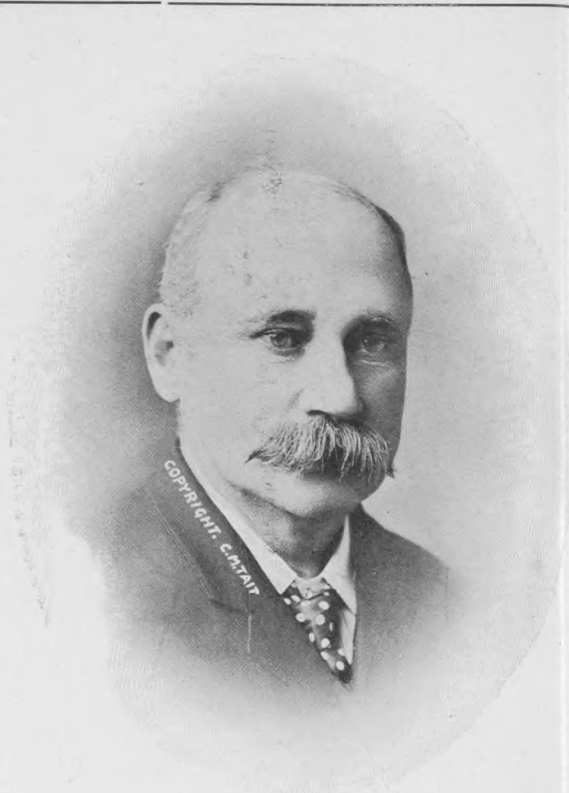
The ideal condition in politics is where the office seeks the man. No one can deny that this prevailed in the case of Hon. W. H. Cushing, minister of public works. When the government of the province was

established, a representative for Calgary in the cabinet was deemed a necessity. If possible, he should also be the member of the house for that city. But it was a difficult matter to bring about this combination. Calgary was a strongly Conservative city, and the leader of the opposition had been its member in the old Territorial assembly and was the Conservative nominee for the new legislature. A man of exceptional strength, both as a minister and as a candidate, was required and the services of Mr. Cushing were requested. He had had no experience of politics outside of those of the municipality, of which he had been mayor. He was an old-time resident, coming west in 1883, had had a most successful business career and in the course of it had won to an unusual degree the esteem and confidence of those with whom he had to deal. He accepted the call, with the result that he was returned by a narrow majority, after one of the most hotly contested elections that the west has ever known. In the cabinet and in the house he has more than made good. In the administration of his department, involving the expenditure, as it does, of large sums of money, he has known neither fear nor favor. He has simply applied to the affairs of the public the same sound business principles that he worked out so successfully in connection with his private enterprises. Partizan malice and bitterness are altogether foreign to him, and the leader of the Conservative opposition a short time ago paid a most exceptional tribute to him. In his expenditure of public money in High River, Mr. Robertson declared, Mr. Cushing had consulted his wishes frequently and treated his constituency, though it was in opposition to the government, with the utmost fairness. It is in such administrative methods that the hope for good government lies. In manner the minister is abrupt yet a man of the utmost kindness of heart, as hundreds who have had intimate relations with him can testify. No one can imagine his practising the arts which we ordinarily associate with the politician. He would never go out of his way to curry favor. With those who do not know or understand his worth, this fact might be expected to stand in the way of his political success. But to the majority, Mr. Cushing's attitude comes as a refreshing change.

* * *

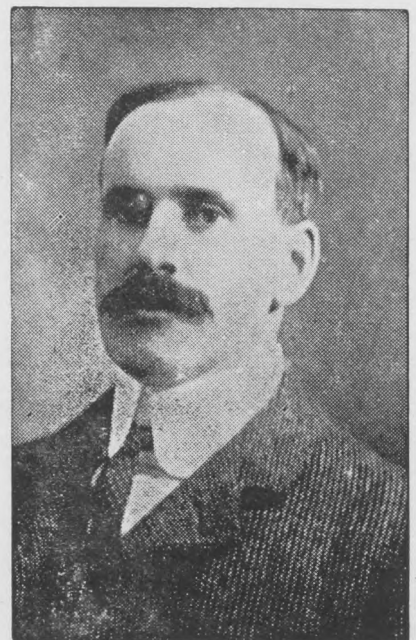
THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

Mr. Finlay came to Medicine Hat in the same year as Mr. Cushing came to Calgary. Each has been a prominent factor in his city's development and each has engaged successfully in the lumber business. Mr. Finlay has also been extensively interested in ranching and with the part of his duties which has to do with that field of activity he has been perfectly familiar from the first. In order to acquaint himself more fully with the needs of Alberta farming in its larger aspects he has had few idle hours since assuming office. From no fair in any part of the province or no agricultural gathering of any consequence has he been absent and he may fairly claim to be as thoroughly conversant now with the requirements of those whose welfare he is trying to advance as it was possible for anyone to be in the time that he has had to devote to the work. He is a north of Ireland man and no one could be prouder of the land of his birth. To hear him sing "The dear little shamrock," and his powers as a vocalist are of no mean order, should carry conviction that this is the case. His apprentice-



ship in public life has been a fairly long one. He was mayor of Medicine Hat in 1890 and 1891 during which years the municipal operation of the natural gas wells, which lies at the basis of the city's present prosperity, was decided upon. In 1892 he was elected to the Territorial Assembly, holding his seat till the dissolution of that body.

* * *



MR. SPEAKER.

The House made a fortunate choice of a presiding officer. Mr. Speaker Fisher's duties were not very onerous, no heated debates arising such as from time

to time have turned legislative assemblies into bear-gardens. But what he had to do he carried through in dignified, business-like fashion. The Speaker should always be a man personally popular with the members, a requisite that Mr. Fisher completely fulfilled. He came west in 1898 from London, Ontario, and has made a thorough success of mercantile life at Cochrane, between Calgary and Banff. He was elected in 1903 to the Northwest assembly, and in the campaign of 1905 his defeat of the popular and able Dr. Brett of Banff for the Alberta legislature was no small feather in his cap. At the time that this article is being prepared, he is a bachelor, a disadvantage which, however, is to be happily removed very shortly.

* * *

THE DEPUTY SPEAKER.

During the long sessions in committee, much work devolved upon Mr. J. R. Boyle, Mr. Fisher's deputy. Mr. Boyle is a prominent Edmonton lawyer, who won out in a remarkable fight in Sturgeon constituency in the general elections. For some months past Mr. Boyle has had very important duties to perform as the secretary of the grain commission, which has been meeting at various points throughout Canada. When elected to the legislature, he was an influential member of the Edmonton city council, resigning at the opening of the session. He is a thorough student of public problems.

* * *

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

For some time after the general election it looked as if the opposition would consist of a solitary member, Mr. Hiebert, of Didsbury, the representative of Rosebud constituency and great curiosity was aroused as to the course that he was likely to pursue. Fortunately a month or so after the vote, a recount sent A. J. Robertson, of Nanton, to his aid as the member for High River. The newspapers were not furnished with the report of the caucus at which Mr. Robertson was elected leader nor even informed what his majority was, but when the House assembled he took the first seat to the speakers left. Mr. Robertson is a graduate in arts of McGill University and in theology of the Wesleyan Theological College. Fifteen years he spent in the Methodist ministry across the border. His style of speaking strongly bears the evidence of his ministerial career. In 1892 he settled at Nanton, conducting a general store. He is now president and manager of the Nanton Lumber and Grain Co. When he became a candidate for the Legislature, the idea probably never entered his head that he would, if elected, be ever other than a private member. But to the discharge of the duties thrust upon him by his position he gave the best of his energy and ability.



Mr A. J. Robertson

* * *

THE RANK AND FILE.

Among the rank and file of the members are many who are worthy of an extended sketch but space forbids. From the far north come Mr. W. F. Bredin of Athabasca and Mr. T. A. Brick, of Peace River, both men of a lifetime of fascinating experience in that great stretch of territory, the development of which promises to be the outstanding fact in the history of the next two decades. From the furthest point south comes Mr. John A. Woolf, of Cardston, one of the brightest of the many bright men whom Mormonism has given to Alberta. Representing the districts between Calgary and Edmonton are Mr. Telford, the founder of Leduc and still its leading citizen; Mr. Rosenroll, to whose enterprise the development of Wetaskiwin and its district is largely due and who has profited correspondingly by that progress; Dr. McLeod, of Ponoka, who has little to say in the House but who does not suffer in the estimation of his colleagues on account of that fact; Mr. John T. Moore, of



W. F. Bredin

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A. Brick

Red Deer, who has much to say and who is regarded by many as one of the finest orators that Canada has ever known; Mr. W. T. Puffer, of Lacombe, the



J. Woolfe

most typical westerner in the House, a man with a large fund of common sense, drawn from many years of experience in this part of the country; Mr.



R. W. McLeod

Simpson, of Innisfail, another silent man, who came west as far back as 1879 and who belonged to the Territorial House; Mr. Hiebert, of Rosebud, aforementioned, whose geniality makes friends for himself wherever he goes and who must have a tremendous



R. T. Telford

hold in his constituency, judging by the unique result at the general election. From the country south of Calgary there is Malcolm Mackenzie, a successful lawyer and ardent politician from Medicine Hat, and Mr. Simmons of Lethbridge, both cabinet possibilities. It was a question whether Mr. Simmons or Mr. Stuart, the member for Gleichen, who recently retired to accept a judgeship, was the best speaker



W. T. Puffer

the House. A neighbor of theirs is Mr. J. P. Marcel of Pincher Creek, the oldest and possibly the most popular man in the legislature. To the west of Edmonton is Mr. J. A. McPherson of Stony Plain, one of the most scientific and successful farmers in the west of Western Canada; and representing St. Albert is Mr. H. W. McKenney, an old-timer and a man of strong

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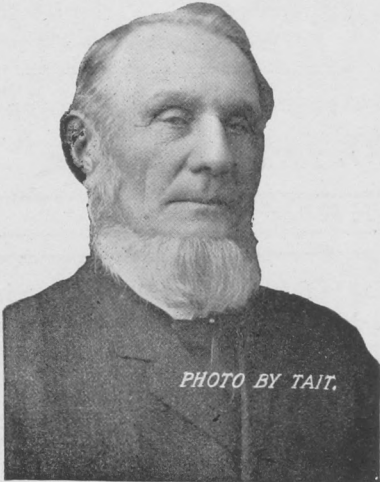
C. Hiebert



Frank Walker

personality. Another long-time resident, though still a young man, is Mr. F. Walker of Fort Saskatchewan, who represents Victoria. One of the pleasant events

its representative last session Mr. Matthew Macaulay, who has since accepted the wardenship of the Alberta penitentiary. His successor is Mr. J. B. Holden, of



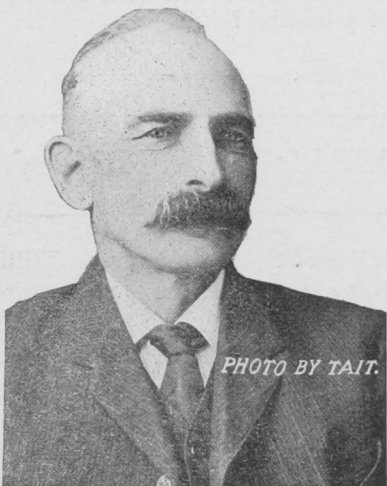
J. P. Marcellus



C. A. Stuart

of the session was the elaborate banquet held in his honor at the Fort, all of his fellow-members being present. The country down the C.N.R. line had as

Vegreville, who will be the youngest of the members, being still in the twenties, and who promises to have a long and a useful political career.



H. W. McKenny



John A. McPherson

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In a dainty assortment. real Irish linen goods.....30c to \$1 50 each

Fancy Linen Goods :—

A big variety of Fancy Linen Doylies, Fancy Table Covers, Etc., Etc.

Kid Gloves :—

Always popular for Xmas, we show a guaranteed glove in all the latest shades, greys, tans, browns, navy, red, green, black and white\$1.25 & \$1.50



House Slippers :—

We carry a specially nice line of "Dolge" Feet Slippers, very appropriate for Xmas.

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Fur Ruffs :—

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Fur Muffs ,—

And Gauntlets, very nice for Xmas gifts.

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W. JOHNSTONE WALKER & CO.

A General Misunderstanding

An entomologist, who has shown the toad to be one of the farmer's best friends, said recently, "The toad has been misunderstood in the past, as much misunderstood as a certain friend of mine who was taking a walking tour.

"One night he put up at a small country hotel. The next morning at breakfast, the landlord said to him :

" 'Did you enjoy the cornet playing in the room next to yours last night ?'

" 'Enjoy it !' my friend sneered. 'I should think not. Why, I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make the man stop.'

" 'It must have been a misunderstanding,' said the landlord, sorrowfully. 'The cornet-player told me that the person in the next room applauded him so heartily that he went over every piece he knew three times.'

A Difficulty with an Old Saw.

Senator Pettus, the veteran statesman from Alabama, is an inimitable teller of darky stories, and among his collection perhaps the following is of the best :

"One day a farmer in my state while in his barn observed his dog rush out and begin to bark furiously at a darky from a neighboring farm. The colored man at once took to his heels, although he had come to the barn on a matter of more or less importance. Some time later he returned and, making sure that no dog was about entered the barn.

" 'Why were you so frightened, Sam ?' asked the farmer. 'Dan wouldn't have harmed you. Remember the old saying, 'Barking dogs never bite'.'

" 'Dat's all right, sah,' responded the darky with much gravity, 'you know dat an' I know dat ; but when do either of us know when dat confounded dog is agoin' to stop barkin' ?' "

Side Lights on History.

"Bismarck," said the old Emperor William to his Minister one day after a dispute, "you are certainly an iron chancellor."

"Why, your majesty," asked the prince, "do you call me that ?

"Because," replied the aged monarch, "every time you get hot you lose your temper."

And history has acknowledged the justice of the description.

Y. M. C. A.

From the years 1800 to 1850 the Protestant world changed its habit of life; the industrial world changed and life turned from suburban to urban. It is not our purpose to repeat the oft told tale of the city's rise and growth, except as it was the occasion which brought into existence the Young Mens Christian Association. Without the rise of the city the parlors, gymnasiums, reading-rooms, educational work, religious meetings and bible classes of this vast organization for a million young men, with its employed officers, directors, committees, costly buildings and mighty influence, would never have been possible. The Association movement was founded by a young man who moved from the country to the city. It was founded, primarily, for young men living away from home and in the city, and without the wide extent of the city, it would have remained a London institution and never would have become a world wide organization.

The Association has the flavor of modern times, it is a city product. Its business methods, its enterprize, and its weakness too of superficiality and haste, all bear the stamp of city origin. To understand the Young Mens Christian Association this to understand the modern city. Self protection, government, commerce

and pleasure built the cities of the past. The force that draws men into modern cities is wealth. Just as many people live in cities to-day as can make living in them. This is the law of city growth and its only limitation. In his book "Modern Cities", Loomis makes the statement that "the cost of living alone, regulates the growth of any city." The discovery of unlimited means of increasing production and the development of rapid transportation has produced the modern city; manufacture describes it in a word. Commerce has been, and is, a source of wealth but manufacture is the chief. Machinery made manufacture possible, manufacture has produced wealth and wealth has produced the modern city. With all its commerce, two-thirds of the population of New York are engaged in some form of manufacture and this is probably true of all the large modern cities. Mr. Gladstone declared that the amount of wealth that could be handed down to posterity, produced during the first 1800 years of the christian era was equalled by the production of the years 1860 to

1875. With the increase of production has come this wonderful development and cheapening of rapid transit. The world has increased its pace and these mighty agencies, which have increased production and cheapened food, have given opportunity for great multitudes to support themselves by factory labor in cities. Coincident with the increase of opportunity for employment in the city, there has been a corresponding decrease of demand for labor in the older settlements of the country. The invention of farm machinery has made it possible for one workman to do the work of a score by the old methods, and to do it better.

During the early history of the modern city this rapid movement from the country to the city was so startling that some of the greatest students of the age devoted their whole thought and energy towards the solving of the problems which were being forced upon the cities. Strong, Loomis, Shaw and other writers, concentrated their attention on the sociological problems which these modern conditions brought forward.

The sudden crowding into business centres seems to have roused a great deal of the evil passion of the race, the cities became the sinks of moral iniquity,

and in spite of efforts to redeem them on the part of the christian church (of which the association is part) they are still frequently spoken of as a menace to civilization.

The important fact of this discussion is that the city is becoming the home of our young men. Young men form a great proportion of the industrial army which annually invades the city. The city offers opportunity for advancement and the fascination of pleasure combined, which cannot be found in the



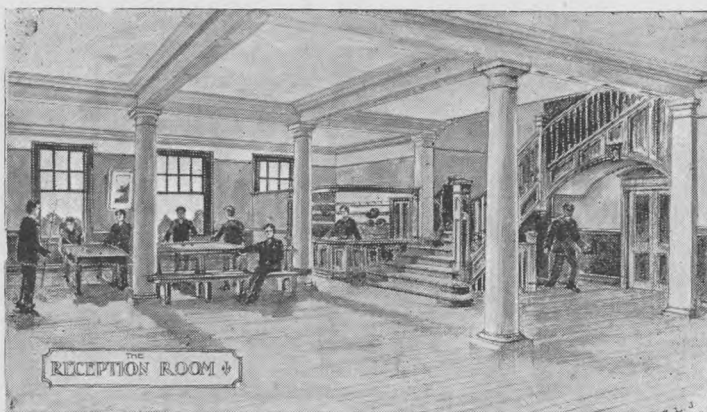
smaller places. Loomis says "great cities have a special fascination for young men; they offer to the successful high and tempting prizes. There is little in the position of leading merchant, lawyer or physician in a country town to spur the ambition of the young, but those who hold like positions in the cities are princes and mighty men of the times."

It was to meet a demand which seemed to be almost over-powering in its weight, that the Young Mens Christian Association sprang into existence under the leadership of George Williams, then a clerk in a dry goods warehouse in London. Possibly the one idea of helping the few fellows with whom he came into direct contact as much as gathering help for himself, was the reason of the inauguration of this movement, and without the co-operation of the men who became interested, the Association would have been an impossibility.

At its inception the Association was a society whose chief purposes were preaching and prayer; to-day most people know it as an organization that

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works for the good of humanity in a hundred different ways. So multiform is the Association of to-day and in so many fields are its vast energies at work that it is not easy to define or describe it in a word. One unfamiliar with its work might inquire "what species of organization is this, a real estate corporation, a gymnasium, a university, an employment agency, a recreation club or a missionary society?" The Association may be called all of these, and with good reason. For instance, as a real estate corporation, in



America alone over \$33,000,000 worth of land and buildings are within its control; its yearly revenue is over \$4,000,000 and its annual bill of expense far beyond its receipts for membership and other privileges. It has room within its buildings of America alone to house the population of any two of our greatest Canadian cities, and, on an average, one new building is added to the list every week.

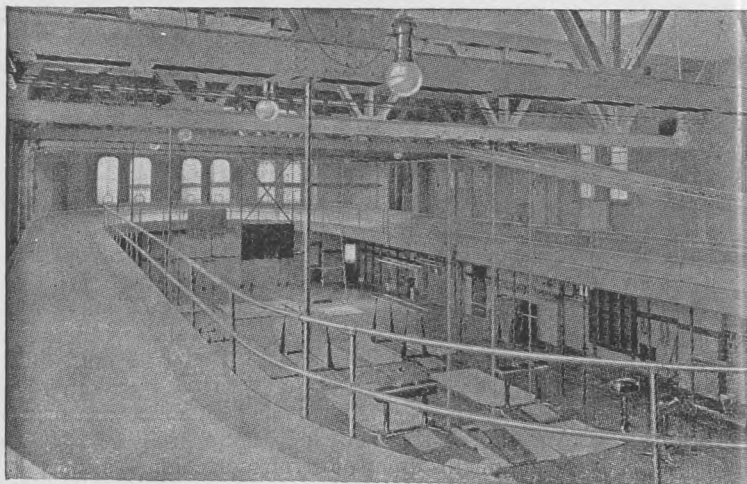
From the educational standpoint its 34,000 students are looked upon as an army equal to about as many as the eight largest universities of America can show. Its diplomas are accepted by most of the American colleges. It trains its students in useful trades and finds them employment when they graduate. In educational matters the Association has become an experiment station, often making new roads for the schools and colleges. There is no class in Byzantine architecture or in Post-Hegelian philosophy, but you will find plenty of classes of men learning to read the plans of the architect, and classes for Canadianizing the immigrant who has made up his mind to become a good citizen.

The Association is probably the greatest employment bureau in America; the total number of men and boys for whom positions were found during 05, was nearly 16,000. There is not much sentiment connected with its employment department, as it insists that no one shall secure a place as an act of charity alone. Every applicant must be prepared to stand on his own feet and face his business record to secure a business position. Some Associations limit this work to their membership, some charge a percentage of the first week's salary, and it can be said with confidence that very few men who have applied to the Association and have been located, have been turned down by their employers.

Another viewpoint of this organization and you are looking at the greatest school of physical culture in the world, operating nearly 600 gymnasiums, with over 135,000 men and boys taking regular systematic exercise. It does not produce the circus acrobat or the professional prize fighter, but it takes hold of man and tightens up his muscles, morally as well as physically. Dr. Anderson of Yale is responsible for the statement that the directors of the gymnasiums of the Young Men's Christian Association are the finest body of specialists in physical training in the world. Scientific health and body building are the specialties of its physical department, and the men who have charge of its work have been taught to understand the relative value of muscle to mind and morality.

In its capacity as a recreation club it owns athletic fields, house boats, summer camps, gypsy wagons, sail boats, farms and islands. Last year over 10,000 men and boys summered with the Association. In Denver, Colorado, there is a farm where men with weak lungs may find a place to build up and breathe mountain air.

A strong religious work is carried on; about 70,000 men and boys belong to its Bible classes, and the annual attendance at its religious meetings is over 5,000,000. It holds short dinner hour meetings in the marble quarries of Vermont, the lumber camps of Quebec, the cotton fields of the South, at the mines and steel plants of Pennsylvania; almost every day meetings are held in a flagman's shanty, an engineer's caboose, a battleship or the bull pen or street car barn. Not long ago, at the request of missionary enterprise, the Association sent forty of its men to foreign countries. Sometimes the Association



THE GYMNASIUM

follows the fortunes of war, and flattering tributes have been received from Lords Kitchener and Roberts from President Roosevelt and from the Mikado of Japan, for the work done during the various late campaigns.

The Association has been accused of weakening the home influence. We would have it understood that the Association stands for the home and everything which the home represents. Our young men will be safer when the community recognizes their true worth. Even if our homes are what they should



BEDROOM

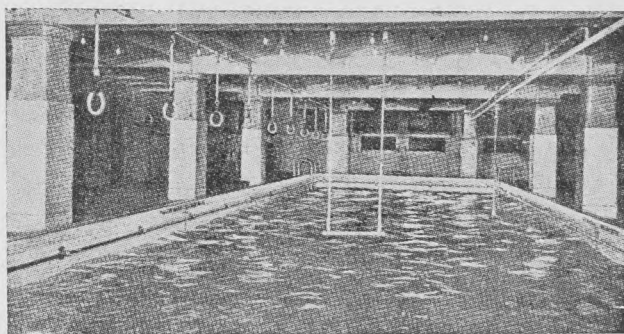


THE BOWLING ALLEY

be the majority of the young men do not, and cannot, remain at home. Where the churches are laying stress on work for the young men, they are not reaching the larger number. The combined work of home and church does not begin to touch the life of young men like the community. A proper regard for his commercial value demands that he be kept in a good physical condition. The physical department of the Association should be regarded as the Association's effort to safeguard the young man physically. The use of his spare hours will determine his commercial value, and the Association, through its reading rooms, libraries and educational classes, is a distinct product of its obligation to the community. The care for his

personal religious needs and interests, which means the development of character and manhood, is an obligation and opportunity which the community can meet in no better way than through the Young Men's Christian Association.

In showing these things we are not seeking to glorify any movement. Rightly considered, the Young Men's Christian Association is the *agent of the home, the church and the community*, in fulfilling a definite responsibility. If any agency will do this work as well as, or better than, the Association, then we would have it whatever it may be called. Such an agency is as essential to a well organized community as street lights, sewerage systems or fire stations, no matter what its cost.



PLUNGE BATH

A New Albertan Resource.

A traveller was driving in Southern Alberta when something about his carriage suddenly snapped. He got out and discovered that what he needed most just then was an old-fashioned monkey-wrench. He saw a house not far away. As he approached an old Swede came out into the yard.

"My friend," said Hollister, "have you a monkey-wrench?"

The old farmer looked at the traveller inquiringly for a moment.

"Monkey-ranch?" Monkey-ranch?" he mused and then in a mixture of Swede and American he replied: "Monkey-ranch? Aye kape horse-ranch. Yonson," pointing to the right, "he kape sheep ranch, and Olson," pointing to the left, "he kape cattle-ranch; but man kape monkey-ranch he been fool."

A Dream,

"I found I had saved up a thousand dollars without pinching myself."

"Without pinching yourself?"

"Without pinching myself?"

"Then how do you know you were awake?"

The Origin of the Galician People.

In the course of a paper read before the Manitoba Historical Association, Mr. Michael Sherbinin, B.Sc., who is engaged in Winnipeg in teaching a number of Galician students, told something of the origin of this people, who have come to occupy so important a place in the life of Western Canada and of the district surrounding Edmonton in particular. Mr. Sherbinin wrote :

In studying a new people it is good to know both wherein they differ from us and also wherein they are like us.

It seems to me that although both methods of studying a nation are useful, the second one or the one where we look into the common ground that a people has with us, is more interesting and gratifying. By beginning a study from all points of similarity between us and a new people, we will see that the points wherein that people is unlike us will gradually be reduced and partly even vanish away.

We would dwell on the people commonly called here Galicians, known also under the more scientific name of Ruthenians (or Little Russians).

The Ruthenian language belongs to the same family of languages as English, French, Latin, Greek, Gaelic and Welsh, that is to the Aryan family of languages. The Encyclopedia Britannica tells us that Aryan means honorable and noble.

If we were to imagine the Aryan family as a tree with many branches, then the English language would proceed from the same branch as German, Dutch, Swedish and Icelandic, and the Ruthenian tongue would proceed from the same branch as Bohemian, Polish, Russian and a dozen of other Slav languages, whereas Latin would belong to the Italic sub-division and Greek to the Hellenic.

In travelling over a settlement of Slavic people we would be astonished to find from 5 to 800 words which have some similarity with English, Latin, French and Welsh.

"Andrey ore plohoom" would mean : Andrew

plows with the plough, where "ore" reminds us Latin "arare" to plow and of "arable" land in English. "Marina pase hoosy" means : Mary feeds geese. "Tomko pase swyni" means : Tom feeds swine. Pasty means to feed or to tend a flock and therefore pastor means pastyr in Ruthenian. "I the good shepherd" sounds : "Ya yesm pastyr doby in Ruthenian.

Surely the ancestors of the Ruthenians and those who speak the English tongue spoke languages much similar to each other. We need not consult many books to find the truth of it. Take for instance such phrases as this : "Bystra struja rushila chedolynu." It means : The boisterous stream rushed over the dale. "Pohanskij hetman lezhav prosterpered tzarem" means : The pagan chief lay prostrate before the czar (or the king, which means practically the same thing).

And to change the subject into one more idyllic : How would that phrase sound in Galician :

"The sister is sitting a while in the garden and picking a garland from roses, periwinkle and tulips."

"Sestra sydyt" hvyly oo horodi i plete girlandu

roz, barvin, itulipaniw." Then we ought not to be astonished in finding a common ground which both languages have in words handed down to them by Christian religion, such as Angel, Archangel, Apostle, Cleric (Cleric), Parochial, Episcop, Preveer (Priester), Diakon (Deacon), Eucharistia, Christiane, which sound almost alike in both



Necessity Knows No Law

languages.

The vast plain of Eastern Europe was inhabited in prehistoric times by Sarmats and later on by Scythians of whom Herodotus wrote in the fourth century, B.C. Then the Avars, the Huns and the Goths wandered through those plains and left but very few traces of their settlements.

The Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg possesses two vases of a high artistic taste, representing Scythians. They are the silver vase of Nicopol and the golden vase of Kertch, and date from the fourth century, B.C. The Scythians of the silver vase are represented breaking-in and bridling their horses. They have long hair, long beards, large features, tunics and trousers, and look very much like the present Slav inhabitants of those countries.

The ancestors of the present Galicians, Russian Poles and all Slav nations had one national catch-word by which they designated those who were akin to their nation. It was not the political union ; it was not the one higher principle of nationality they tried

to maintain. They were yet too childish and perhaps too harmless to rise to that abstraction. The measure by which they measured a man is this: Does he speak intelligibly?

"Slovak, Slovinetz, Slovianin," all these words, which are used up to this day, mean: A man who talks, one who speaks intelligibly, one whose "words" I can catch. Slovo means word, catch-word, intelligible or articulate speech. Therefore a man whose word I understand is for me a "Slovak," a "Slovian," a man of the "plain speech." I can get along with him and I don't care for other distinctions. This is the philosophy of the Slavs or the first scientific attempts to raise a standard of nationality.

On the other hand, all the people whose speech the Slavs could not understand they called Niemetz—dumb man—one whose speech is not intelligible to me.

This is a very simple classification and it requires very little exercise of our brain powers.

By the name of Niemetz, the Russians and Galicians designate up to this day the Germans. Precisely as the Germans in their turn called all peoples related to them Deutsch, that is distinctly speaking or speaking so you can catch it.

To show how the dialects of the Slav are related, it will be useful here to say that the language in which the service of the Greek Church is conducted among the different peoples of the Slav sub-division is the dialect of the Slavs of Pannonia, among whom two brothers, Cyril and Methodius, translated the Holy Scriptures in the IX century (862-885). They came from Thessalonica and were the apostles of the Moravians and Bohemians; in 966 Micislav, duke of the Poles, was baptized.

The fact of the translation of the Bible by these men is no doubt a greater victory and one of more importance to call to life the individuality of the Slavs, than many a conquest made by the sword.

Now in the Slav peoples of the Greek Church from the Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean, the Divine service is still held in the dialect into which these two brothers translated the Scriptures one thousand years ago.

A Galician calls himself Russin and his language Russki. A Russian calls himself also a Russki. These two nations had one common origin.

Galicia, after being under the power of Poland during three centuries, became a province of Austria in 1772. The farming and working classes of the Ruthenian nationality were in an oppressed economical condition, although for the last 50 years the poorer classes were somewhat better favored with schools than in Russia.

Another province of Austria, Boukovina, is mostly inhabited by Ruthenians known as Boukovinians. These people had been for a long time under the power of Moldavian gospodars or princes and have been less privileged with good schools than Galicia. The Boukovinians adhere to the Greek Church.

During centuries the learned classes wrote in a kind of archaic dialect which was a mixture of the church language with the vernacular Ruthenian. In Russia, after the alliance of 1654, the educated classes gradually gave up their mother tongue to use the Russian language for literature.

Some 65 years ago a patriot of Oukraina, John Kotlarevski, started a literature in the vernacular

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tongue. His example was followed by others and now several periodicals are being printed in that language both in Austria, Russia and America.

The national poet of the Ruthenians is Taras Shevchenko (literally, Taras Shoemaker's-son). This son of the people, born in the province of Kiev, displayed great literary talent. He was privileged to receive his education in St. Petersburg and was developed as an eminent painter and poet. His name is a rallying point for the national feeling of the Ruthenians and a national watchword. His songs are filled with mournful tones, recording the wars of Oukraina and the oppression of a portion of the people in serfdom. Taras was himself born as a serf and some rich friends succeeded in purchasing his liberty.

He fell into disgrace with the Emperor owing to some temerity in the use of his pen, and had to serve eight years as a common soldier on the sandy banks of the lake of Aral in Central Asia. This shattered his health, and although permitted to return to his country, he died after three years in 1861.

The following verses are Shevchenko's legacy to his people, which we have endeavored to render in English rhyme, as near as possible to the original:

Learn from other men, my brethren;
Love to think, love reading;
Hear from strangers' lips the teaching
Yours by far exceeding!
Hold fast to your fathers' wisdom,
And learn from another;
For God's doom awaits the traitor
Who forgets his mother.
Strangers will forsake him likewise;
No good will befall him.
Both his kindred and the stranger
An outcast will call him.

The Galicians residing in Canada have proved that they can thrive as an agricultural people. They are fond of locating on bushy and slightly hilly homesteads and also near watercourses, reminding them of their old country. They understand living on very scanty provisions in the first years of their settlement, and after some years of toil, they have succeeded in obtaining here a measure of welfare which the Canadian soil and people are extending to them.

They find here ample scope for gratifying their love of liberty, and some of them have so far been identified with their new conditions, that they are proud and happy to be called Canadians.

In this respect they are faithful to the standpoint of the old Slav, who tried to identify himself with all people whose language he could understand.

—●—
'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'

'I'm going a-shopping, sir,' she said.

'And what are you buying, my pretty maid?'

'Nothing, I'm shopping — that's all,' she said.

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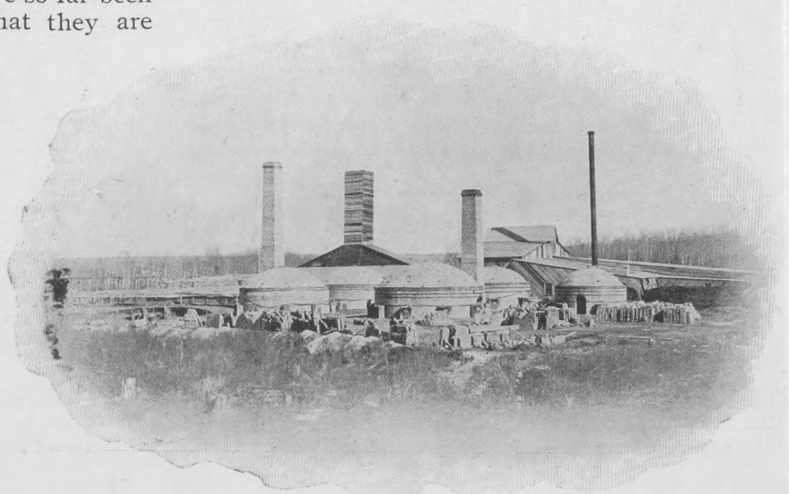
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An English Journalist's Impression of Edmonton.

The following excellent reference to Edmonton and the Edmonton district is from a recent book entitled "Canada, the New Nation," by H. R. Whates (1906 London. J. M. Dent & Co.) The work should make a very valuable addition to literature on the Dominion. Mr. Whates is a journalist by profession, being on the staff of one of the big London dailies. He spent a Sunday in Edmonton in the summer of 1905, and managed, in the short time at his disposal, to carry away with him a wonderfully accurate impression of the resources of the district. Mr. Whates was shown some courtesy by the Board of Trade, and was driven by the secretary through Clover Bar, Agri-cola and Horse Hills settlements, via Fort Saskatchewan.

"Edmonton," he writes, "the capital of the province of Alberta, lies nearly a day's journey by rail northward from Calgary. On the east, for some hundreds of miles, are the rich valley lands of the Saskatchewan. For about fifty miles to the south, and also to the north, and westward to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, is a tract of rich black soil. The soil in the Edmonton district is of the first order.

"The city of Edmonton is beautifully situated on the northern side of a tortuous and tree-covered ravine; the river winding about some two hundred feet below, and looking like a silvered ribbon carelessly thrown down over yellow gravel and sand. Here, at Strathcona, on the south of the ravine, is the terminus of the branch line from Calgary. But this is not the only railway to serve the district, for the main line of the Canadian Northern has passed through the Saskatchewan Valley to Edmonton. Moreover the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will go through Edmonton on its way to the ocean. Then again the Canadian Pacific Railway have located a line from Edmonton running south-east through the vast pear-shaped tract enclosed by the forks of the North and South Saskatchewan. And from Edmonton a line is to run due north to Athabasca Landing, towards the great waterway of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers. What do these things mean? Edmonton is destined to become a railway centre such as Winnipeg now is. That is one reason, apart from the richness of the land, why I suggest that this unknown district may in time become the home of millions. Settlement will surge up the Saskatchewan Valley, and is, indeed, doing so today; it will pass northward over the arid lands east of Calgary to the rich soil of Red Deer Valley, upwards to Edmonton, and beyond that town to the Peace River region.

"That is not a wild prophecy. The directors of the G.T.P., the C.N.R. and the C. P. R. do not lay railroads through lands which are not habitable or do not present solid attractions to homeseekers. They know the soil over which their trains will pass. They are not likely to have formed an erroneous judgment as to the numbers which will throng along the lines

of communication. Population, indeed, is moving north and northwest to Edmonton now. The land is being taken up rapidly, and though the acreage yet available is reckoned by millions, the early comers will snap up the best locations—those which are nearest to the lines now under construction or shortly to be built.

"Daily, while I was in the region, a trainload of homeseekers went north from Calgary. The majority of these went on to Edmonton to search for land on the North Saskatchewan. That process will be repeated next year, and the next, and for many years, over the existing lines and over lines now being constructed. There can be little doubt that the region of which Edmonton is the center will contain a very considerable population. Here is a spacious homeland for England's excess of population. It is the genial Chinook winds which make the winter temperature of these northern Edmonton lands appreciably higher than that of Manitoba. As a matter of strict fact, grain is successfully grown 400 miles north even of Edmonton, for the H.B.Co. have a fine modern mill working at Fort Vermilion, while there is another at Peace River Landing, 300 miles north.

"But Edmonton is essentially too an area for mixed farming. Hog raising is already an important industry. Cattle and sheep do well. There is a bountiful supply of timber for log house building and fuel; and in this respect the region has an advantage over any homesteading land west of the third meridian.

"And Nature, ever lavish, has furnished the Edmonton country with natural gas and illimitable coal, which lies just under the prairie and crops out in the ravine of the Saskatchewan. The Edmonton farmer pursues his way, sublimely confident that acres which are yet unsaleable will make his children, or at least their children, rich men and women."

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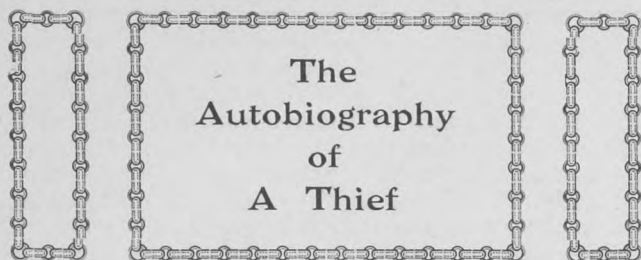
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The Autobiography of A Thief

One reads a criminal's history with interest, not because crime is interesting, but because life is interesting, and the grimy sides of life more interesting, because less familiar, than the respectable sides that most of us have known since birth. Most criminal histories, such as the strange, sad tale of David Haggart, or the memoir of the swindler Harris, give the reader a sort of sharp and brutal etching of the time, a stretch of more value to the historian, perhaps, than the finished painting elaborately glazed.

But the criminal himself, as he reveals himself, as he stands out from the quick, startling writing of his story, is not attractive. We recognize a greater readiness, a finer bravery, than our own, but his manner of life is by no means ours, and we reckon his ideals mean and his poetry contemptible. Burglary merits our respect, but not shop-lifting. Train-robbing has a certain dignity, a certain educational value (like theft in Sparta), but not the mean snatching of a till. There is glory in all grand styles, but no glory in mere foxy astucity. There is joy, we are told, over all repentants, and we are glad of it; but we retain our sympathies, nevertheless, for those sinners like 'Larry,' like 'clever Tom Clinch,' like Denis Macarthy the buccaneer, who played the black cards to the end, and then died gamely, with "their faces to the city," after kicking their ribboned shoes among the mob.

The subject of a book published not long ago under the title of "The Autobiography of a Thief," which was edited by Hutchins Hapgood, was the son of an Englishman, poor but honest, who lived 'down town' on the east side of New York City. He was born in 1868, apparently one of the youngest of the family, and committed his first theft at the age of six. He had been coaxed to the job by older boys, who wanted money for theatres and row-boats, and were able to bribe him to rob his brother's till by the present of a cup and ball. Finding that he was able to keep them in pocket money, the gang urged him to similar thefts for some weeks, rewarding him with tickets to the play and music-hall. When his father learned of his exploits, and the till-robbing had to cease, he managed to earn a little money (for his theatres and light amusements) by stealing clothes, ripping brass from doorsteps and stealing goods exposed for sale. Like so many young Americans, so many alert, intelligent lads, sharpened by life in the streets, he drifted into crime as much for the fun of the thing (as one would take to poaching) as for the dollars it brought him. He was 'very sensitive,' he says, of a melancholious disposition when near an old church or old building. He read Longfellow's 'Excelsior' and revered the flash loafers in saloons. He was gentle with all animals, except cats; but

'For cats I used to tie their tails together and throw them over a clothes line to dry.'

Like David Haggart of old, he 'learned early to swim and fight,' and no doubt lived fatly, on melons, strawberries and peaches, from the Italians' barrows,

and on meat and pretzels from the lunch counters of saloons. Then, being thirteen years old, he chanced to see a pickpocket stealing a silk handkerchief from a woman. It opened up a new world of possibilities. A few days later he sallied out with a friend, and picked his first pocket on a street-car. The "touch" yielded ten dollars and a handkerchief—a rare capture. A professional artist then gave him a few lessons in the mere technique of the business, and there he was, suitably equipped, ready to don a collar and go upon the graft with the best.

For the next two years, he says, he made a lot of money by "moll-buzzing," or picking women's pockets in the streets, gradually rising in the "world of graft" to be a "shover of the queer," or passer of false notes. Prosperity (which came to him) was of little benefit to him, for he spent as lightly as he earned, neglecting to lay by "fall-money," a nest egg with which to hire a lawyer, or bribe a policeman, in the event of an arrest. When fifteen he was arrested for theft and sent to the Tombs prison, where the fine polish was set upon his business talent. Here he learned how to "bang a super," or steal a watch by breaking the ring; and when he was released he returned to the "graft" with a skill in roguery beyond praise. So skilled he was, he got "stuck on himself," careless of the risks involved, and was sent to the House of Refuge for a year for attempting a watch on Broadway. He had a bad time in the House of Refuge, but it was time not wholly wasted, for while there he "gathered in more pointers about the technique of graft."

When he came out he became a really flash hand, the ally of brilliant thieves in brilliant undertakings. He became, he says, "a good swindler and drag-worker, and had done some good things as a burglar." American policemen, he found, were "open to reason," so that for some years he escaped States Prison. But at last he "fell," for stealing a pocket-book in a street car, and received sentence of five years and seven months at Sing Sing. He tells us a good deal about Sing Sing, and one reads it with a certain confidence, feeling the ring of a sincerity more strenuous than we have found in similar books by English convicts. One reads it also with some amazement, for we find convicts in that prison passing their time not without pleasure to themselves. One thief, for instance, says that he had books, a pipe, cigarettes, opium, and no more work than he cared to do. He gives other curious details of convict life—the loneliness, the brooding, the shamming of insanity—and reaches a kind of pathetic poetry in the tale of his release:

"It was a fine May morning that I left Auburn, and I was greatly excited and bewildered by the brightness and joy of everything about me. I took my hat off, gazed up at the clear sky, looked up and down the street and at the passers by, with a feeling of pleasure and confusion."

However, he had not been released for very long when he went to prison for a second term, and then for a third. During his third term he was treated as a criminal lunatic, and his release found him an utterly broken man, with no heart for further "graft," no desire for anything but a life "on the level," at ten or twelve dollars a week. His editor thinks that he is now honest, a reformed man, one only wanting a job to be a credit to his family.

At Christmas time most people are apt to think of life only on its bright side. Such a volume as this certainly serves to widen our sympathies.



Alberta College

The college has just begun the fourth year of its work with greater energy than ever. The present attendance and the outlook for the future were never so encouraging as at present. As a consequence of this phenomenal growth of the institution the Board is now contemplating the erection of another building. This promises to be a credit to the college as well as to the city. The principal has been successful in securing splendid teachers for all the different

departments. There is not a single teacher on the staff who is not a trained specialist in the work assigned to him. Below is given a list of the teachers in the department of music :

Piano : Mr. P. S. Hook, Miss B. Crawford, Miss Maguire, Miss Ira Wright.

Voice Culture : Mr. Morris, Mr. M. Chisholm.

Violin : Mr. Chas. M. Chisholm.

Harmony : Mr. Chas. M. Chisholm.

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An Edmonton Group of Twenty Years Ago.

This picture was taken on the occasion of a cricket match played on the old grounds directly behind where the Hudson's Bay Co.'s splendid big departmental store now stands, the site now being occupied by numerous wholesale houses. Out of the thirty-six who appear in the photograph, a considerable number still live in Edmonton and district and hold influential places in its life, others have made their homes elsewhere, and six have passed into the great beyond, J. Petrie, W. Edmiston, J. Goodridge, J. Thirston, Capt. Percy and John Brown, whose death occurred within the last month.

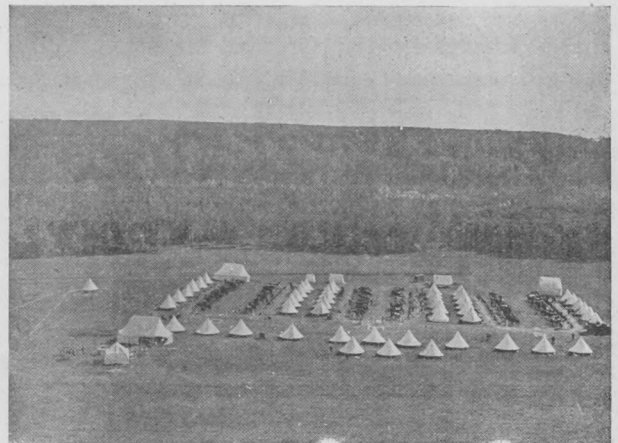
Reading from left to right the names are :

On stand : A.D. Osborne, E. Raymer, J. Brown, J. O. Kildall, F. D. Fortin, J. Holman, F. Sage.

Standing : J. J. MacKenzie, J. Petrie, J. Chabot, Al. Paterson, W. Edmiston, A. Boag, J. E. Graham, J. Goodridge, J. Martin, Alex. Taylor, Donald Ross, Camp. Younge, Harrison Younge, Dr. H. C. Wilson, Capt. Casey, J. Looby, Rev. G. Lounge.

Sitting : A. Caughlin, J. Thurston, B. Wilson, Ed Looby, Dick Hardisty, J. R. Michael, Dr. McInnis, Capt. Percy, P. H. Daly.

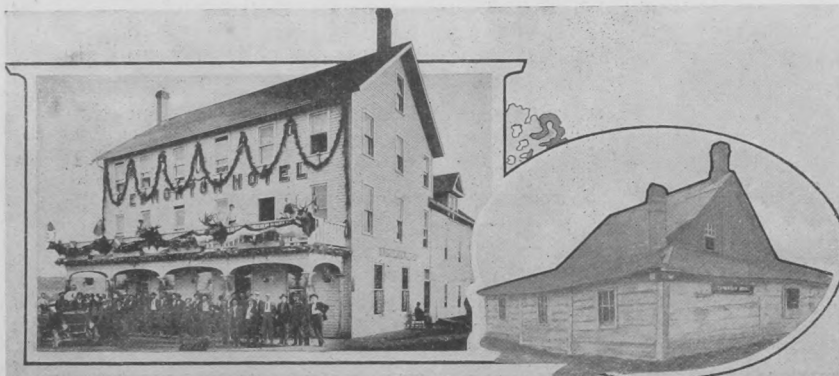
In buggy : Tom Stewart, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Henderson.



C.M.R. Encampment at Edmonton

Edmonton's First Hotel

Edmonton's first hotel is shown to the right and to the left the modern structure that has taken its place, rigged out in holiday attire. The old inn which for years remained in place at the back of the present building was taken down during the past summer to make way for an extensive addition.



A Visit to
The Saskatchewan River
in its
Mountain Fastnesses.

With the construction of several lines of railway to the west of Edmonton a vast new territory will be opened up for investigation by the lover of nature in its awe-inspiring forms. Of the mountains between the Kicking Horse Pass, which the C. P. R. traverses and the Yellowhead, which the G. T. P. and the C. N. R. propose to use, are vast stretches of mountains of which little or nothing is known. Mount Hooker and Mount Brown, supposedly the highest mountains in the range south of Alaska lie in this territory. From Edmonton the Saskatchewan flows in a south westerly direction towards the Rockies. In the late summer of the present year five enthusiastic women mountain-climbers undertook to visit the river in its rocky fastness. The account of their journey is told by Miss Tuzo in the Christmas number of Rod and Gun in Canada. The start was made from Laggan, on the C. P. R. with the Pipestone Pass as the route of traversing the mountains. Magnificent scenery was met with all the way. The trail led over the summit of the Pipestone at a height of 8,000 feet. All about were gorgeous fields of flowers, while on each side were mountains and glaciers still unnamed and untrod by man. Many waterfalls and lakes of great beauty were passed. The Siffleur, a tributary of the Saskatchewan, was the first stream encountered.

"On the sixth day out" continues Miss Tuzo "the trip was much varied by several fords of the Siffleur, now quite a large river and running very high. These were all safely crossed and before long the party emerged on to the high benches, from which could be seen the mighty river—the first goal of the expedition. Here the Saskatchewan winds its way swiftly through the undulating Kootenay Plains. These plains were named long ago by some explorers on their way to the distant Kootenay land. During the time of the railway exploration they were a well known headquarters for explorers, but now the district is chiefly frequented by the Stoney Indians from Morley, who winter their horses upon them. Some white men too are there, and hordes of beautiful horses owned by them roam on the wide fields.

"A halt was called at the banks of the river and the tents soon put up. Scarcely any fire could be had for the wind was raging and the bunch grass was as dry as tinder. The valley richly deserves its name of "Kadoona Tinda"—the valley of the wind, for it blows vigorously there nearly all the time. Next morning shots were fired till an answering report from across the river showed that the attention of the one inhabitant had been gained. Soon he was paddling across in a frail canoe, a tiny craft in which to risk the dangers of the river—historic too, for in it the one voyage from the Plains to Edmonton was made.

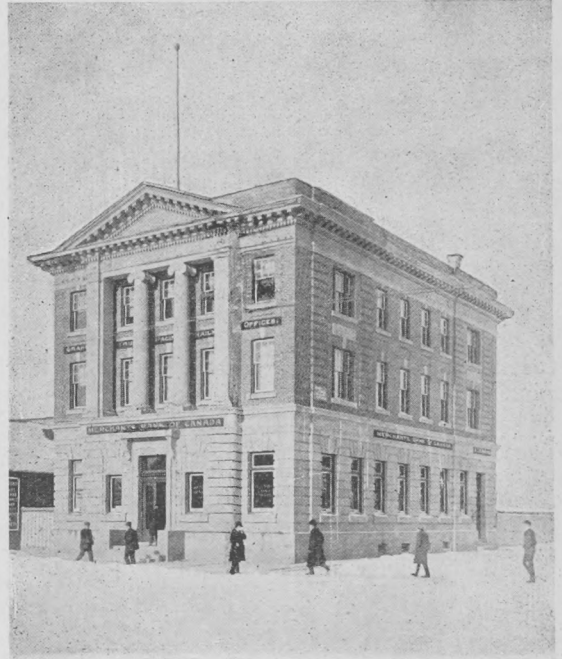
"The fears of the party as to crossing the Saskatchewan were shown by the lonely dweller in

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W. S. BRAGG,
MANAGER

Kadoona to be well founded. It would have been madness to have made the attempt to swim the swollen Saskatchewan, and the party had perforce to be content to gaze on the Far North Countree, without being able to tread on its ground. It had been on the programme, if the river could have been crossed, to push forward to the north and attempt the task of reaching Wilcox Pass, in which case the members of our party would have been the first white women to have reached that point. We gazed on the promised land but could not enter therein, and having come so far on the journey the disappointment was great. In the spirit of true explorers we bore up and made the best of the situation. With the assistance of the solitary settler a less windy spot was found for a residence and here several days were spent. By way of compensation for the curtailed journey glorious rides were taken up the surrounding valleys. Stray mementoes of the Indian occupation were picked up—a papoose saddle and a tiny bonnet; while here and there were their huts and the curious wicker frames over which the Indians spread blankets in order to have a species of Turkish bath. Inside these covered frames they crowd, and water is poured on a pile of heated stones, thus raising clouds of steam.

"These Kootenay Plains by their name give an idea of level stretches of country, but that is no true impression—the benches are high and undulating with only now and then a bit of level country. All round are mountains, real rocky mountains, whose formation is intensely interesting to the geologist, the names and varying angles of the strata show such immense pressure and strain. The sedimentary rocks, of which the ranges are formed are dyed by iron ores and other minerals giving them an immense variety of colors and shades of color. Sunset in this region is glorious beyond all words, and when to these natural colors are added the exquisite views of the setting sun, and all the heights are suffused with gold, which swiftly changes to mauve and purple, or again to the pink of an Alpen glow, the sights are most wondrous and beautiful.

"Since no ford could be made of the Saskatchewan, the return journey had to be taken by the south bank along a disused trail. The first day's drive round by the banks of the river gave constantly changing views; the river would break into many channels with islands and bars, or join again into one swift stream. Such an evil snake like river! It glided by with scarce a ripple and no sound, and yet so rapidly! Soon Mt. Wilson and its splendid glacier came into view, and ere long the first cliffs of Mt. Murchison till on the second day out, camp was made at the mouth of Bear Creek, now known as Mistaya Creek.

"Here indeed was a spot worth many days of trailing to see. Mt. Forbes, Mt. Lyell, and the Freshfield Glacier were in full sight; the North and Middle Forks of the Saskatchewan ran in a little to the East, while Mt. Wilson and Mt. Murchison guarded the banks of the river. What a paradise for the mountaineer! What peaks to conquer! What a promise of endless views of the heights of the Rockies; so little known as yet!"

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HOWARD AVENUE

EDMONTON

A MAN HUNT IN THE FAR NORTH.

Few of the story-tellers who go to the uttermost ends of the earth for treasure fare so well as Mr. Stewart White in "The Silent Places" of the North. His tale opens with a picturesque description of Conjuror's House, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. An Ojibway named Jingoss having failed to turn up at the post with furs representing the amount of his annual "debt," the factor, Galen Allbret, feels that, for the sake of the moral effect on the company's host of vagrant debtors, Jingoss must be sought out, captured, and brought before him for punishment. For this difficult task he selects an old and tried woodsman, Sam Bolton, and a youth, Dick Herron, whose spurs are still to win. After explaining the errand announcing the reward for success, he adds autocratically, as becomes one of those despots whose word makes law and who used to hold in their hands the power of life and death: "I want no doubt. If you accept this, you must not fail. Either you must come back with that Indian, or you must not come back at all. I won't accept any excuse for failure. I won't accept any failure. It does not matter if it takes ten years. I want that man."

Thus admonished, the men set forth, to be presently joined by an Ojibway girl resolute to attach herself to Herron, who as resolutely repulses her. But unobtrusive, watchful, and supremely useful, this Ruth of the Ojibway nation follows by trail and stream through the summer weather. When a long winter chase of the erring Jingoss is decided on, in language scarcely less poetical than that of her Jewish prototype she declares her intention to follow faithfully, even unto death. "You'll have a lot of trouble dragging a squaw all over the North," said Herron, throwing the responsibility on the older man, and Bolton hesitated and argued with the "Little Sister." Respectfully listening, she packed her snowshoes and blankets on the sledge. There was a flame in her heart that challenged the frozen North. No man could control her destiny.

So far the interest lies chiefly in physical adventure and in descriptions of progress through a wilderness that in its most favoring aspect lends little aid or comfort to the enterprise of man. As winter's icy breath blows over land and water the interest becomes subjective, and we are involved in a conflict between man's will to persist and conquer, and the passive, inexorable hostility of nature. For weeks the tiny sledge train slips over deserts of snow, Jingoss leading the way, and the keen-nosed hound, Mack, sniffing his trail. The heavy forests are passed; the low spruce and pointed firs fall behind; and so the train winds on into "the vast whiteness of the true north, where the trees are Lilliputian and the spaces gigantic beyond the measures of the earth: where living things dwindle to the significance of black specks, and the aurora crackles and shoots and spreads and threatens like a great inimical and magnificent spirit." At last Bolton knows that Jingoss is heading for the

Barren Grounds, where there is no shelter and but one chance for food—that of meeting a single cariboo herd said to drift to and fro on the rim of the world. Yet they have no thought of turning back. Gradually they lost sight of the ultimate 'object of their quest; it became absorbed by the immediate object, and that was following the trail.' The day came when Bolton lay down on the sledge, whispering that he could live there several days, and urging Herron to push on, trusting himself to Mack's instinct. For two days more Herron follows the trail, and Little Sister (also the victim of mania) follows him. On the third day she fell, and Herron let her lie. Then, glad to be free, with a sense of elation of victory near at hand, he shot away from her. As his excitement passes, he becomes conscious of loss, of missing something he has long been used to. Terror clutches his heart, and when he realizes that the awful silence is unbroken, that there is no longer the 'crunch, crunch' of following snowshoes, that he is all alone, without hesitation or a thought of the trail, he turns back.

As Herron waits for death with the dead girl in his arms, all baffled and battered, he passes from brutal boyhood into manhood. His eyes are opened to look upon life, and his heart understands. Here is the climax of the drama, thrilling enough to be called a supreme moment. It leaves us indifferent to the coming of Jingoss and cold to the sight of the cariboo herd, 'drifting dim and ghostly, rank after rank, across the middle distance.' The real strength of the tale is its spiritual significance, and the interpretation of the spirit of the wilderness.

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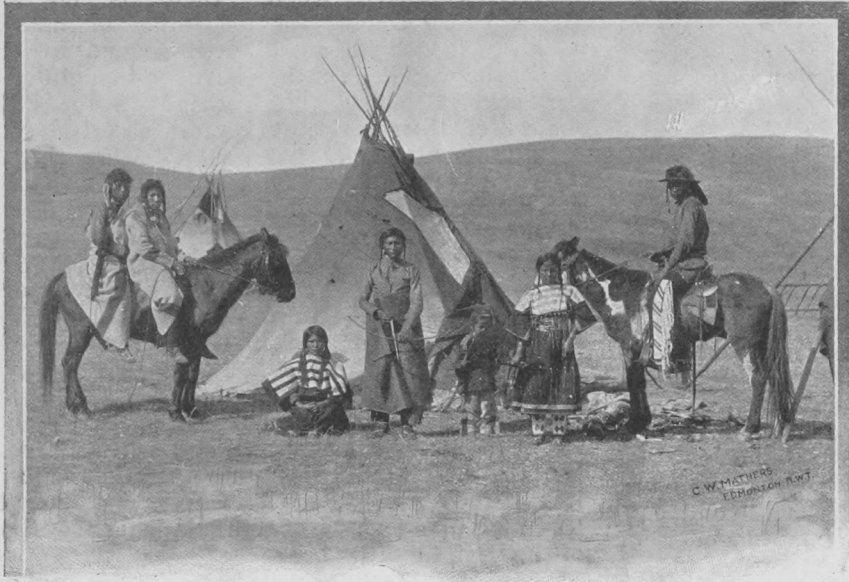
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A Red Man's Idea of Evolution.

—BY HAMLIN GARLAND

One time, while we were camped on the Washita, said the agency farmer, we were visited by an old Kiowa, a dignified and serious old man.

I was introduced to him as the "white father," out there to help the red men work and to show them the white man's road.

The old man said, "Aye, is that so?" but didn't seem very much impressed. After a moment's silence he got out his buffalo-horn tinder-box, and, after carefully examining the punk with which it was filled, began pecking with his flint in an effort to light his tinder-box.

I watched him pecking away for a while, sometimes hitting the flint, oftener barking his leathery fingers, and at last I said to a Cheyenne: "Why doesn't he use a match and done with it, not sit there pecking away all night?"

This being translated to the old Kiowa, he began to speak, but never for a moment interrupted his play with the flint and this is what he said:

"You white men think you are very wise (*peck, peck*). You have made little fire-sticks, and you think the red men can't get along without them (*peck, peck*). I will tell you, we didn't have so much trouble in the good old days as we do now (*peck, peck*). The old man's stroke grew a little vicious.) Before the red man had the white man's fire-stick, we didn't have so many fires and we didn't have to move every few days on account of the prairie burning

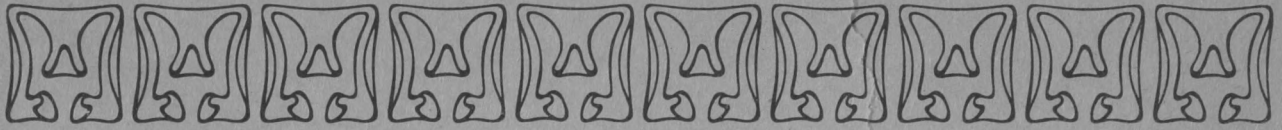
black." At this point he struck out his spark and hurriedly lighted his pipe. After puffing vigorously a few times, he continued calmly: "Now the red man uses the white man's fire-stick; he lights his pipe, he throws away the end: the grass blazes up, and then the ponies grow hungry. It is all bad business."

The old man smoked in silence for a few moments, but at last resumed: "Yes, these white men think they are very clever, but they are really very foolish; they are very ridiculous (*puff, puff*). They think they are men, but look at them (*puff*), see the hair on their faces; they are not men, they are only hair-covered animals."

At this everybody in the tepee cried out with delight, and I, in self-defense, joined in the laughter, but the old man remained as grave as a bronze image. Reaching up with his forefinger, he outlined the beard upon my face and said slowly, hopefully, as if to be gently encouraging: "But they are changing. You see, the hair is wearing away—in spots." Then settling back, he blew out a great cloud of smoke, and with patient paternal benignity concluded: "They'll be men by and by."



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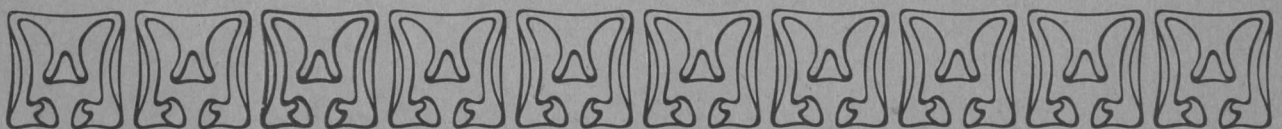
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